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LETTERS

cosca-colonization

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Eugene Ruffini notes in "Call It Mafia: The Police, the Press and the Legend" [*The Nation,* Nov. 22] that Joseph Valachi ravished the ears of the media by re-christening the Mafia La Cosa Nostra—a term previously unknown even to wire tappers.

"Our thing" or "our affair" has indeed a sinister, esoteric ring, which immediately endears it to televiewers and incantatory crime busters everywhere, but I would like to propose a different translation.

In his essay on "Mafia" in *Primitive Rebels* (Norton, ed.) E. J. Hobsbawm writes: "It is difficult to see how *Mafia* could have been hierarchically centralized, communications being what they were in the 19th century. It was rather a network of local gangs (*cosche*—today they seem to be called 'families') sometimes two or three strong, sometimes much larger, each controlling a certain territory. . . . Each *cosca* milked its territory."

It appears more likely that Valachi, not the most literate of stool pigeons, should have misunderstood or garbled this traditional Sicilian term (*cosa* for *cosca*), than that it should remain such a well-guarded secret. Much of Valachi's revelations has the quality of sensationalized hearsay. His assertion that the Mafia should be called La Cosa Nostra sounds like a confusion of terms. Nor is it hard to understand why a small-time *cosca* hoodlum should boast that the "Mafia or syndicate is as tightly organized across the country as the Coca-Cola Company."

Jan A. Lowson

sheriff's posse

Auburndale, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial ["The Sheriff of San Francisco," *The Nation,* Nov. 22] ended by asking rhetorically how many bright, interesting, idealistic sheriffs are known to your readers.

You might check out County Sheriff John Buckley (Middlesex County, Mass.), who has gotten quite a reputation for improvements at Billerica House of Correction. The Massachusetts Council on Crime and Correction and the Massachusetts Correction Association both seem to give him credit for good work. (Education, visits, conjugal visits, food, etc.)

I don't know him; only have heard good things. (I work as a volunteer teacher in a jail in Boston, and would not add *my* sheriff to the list. "Rehabilitation" is a euphemism for a token endeavor.)

Alan Winslow

Monterey, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: You ask "how many bright, interesting, idealistic sheriffs are known to our readers?"

I believe that ours—Berkshire County's Sheriff Courtney—is in that class.

Kelly Janes

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I was delighted to read about Richard Hongisto, the new sheriff of San Francisco. He sounds great, but is he really so great that, born thirty-five years ago, he went to work in a shipyard in 1941? What did he do there at the age of 5? I simply can't imagine such a young lad working in a shipyard, even as a caulker's helper.

Stanley R. Korf

[*Editor's note: We had Hongisto's age right, but a newspaper source and our incompetency at mental arithmetic led us astray as to the shipyard. It was his father who went to work there.*]

EDITORIALS

Show Biz in Miami

"We will now proceed with Act Two," growled the ever churlish George Meany when President Nixon finally walked off stage at Miami. The analogy was apt. The President's appearance was political show biz at its corniest. Of course Maestro Meany is an old political show biz hand himself. Nixon had wanted to appear before the delegates to the AFL-CIO Convention, well-groomed and carefully manicured for the occasion, on the same day that "President" Meany was to address them. But it takes a President to get one. Meany would not hear of it. Nor would he permit arrangements for a band to play *Hail to the Chief* as the U.S. President arrived on stage. As a matter of fact a small string orchestra, which had been playing, was sent home before Mr. Nixon arrived. Nor would labor's president permit live television coverage, which the other President had requested. The reasoning was clear and curt: "The President wanted show business and this is not show business."

But Mr. Nixon was determined to make it show biz. Obviously annoyed—nervous as always when he is angry—he put aside his prepared speech and elected to "give it to 'em," as by telling Mr. Meany, in his close presence, that he knew exactly what to do and would do it—with or without labor's cooperation. The President's spokesmen, furious over "the stupid contempt" exhibited by Mr. Meany and his friends and hoping to set a headline on its way, praised their boss for the "guts" he had shown by appearing in this den of hostile critics. As always, Mr. Nixon praised himself on the same score. He had been warned, he said, to stay away but he had decided to take the risk because he knew that "when the chips are down," organized labor would be "for America," that is (or so he hoped) for Nixon. (Why, one wonders, does the President persist in making these cheap bids for applause? Does no one in his entourage have the wit or "guts" to tell him that it is stupid and sophomoric?) But "to be blunt about it," as the President would say, did this visit to Miami really require so much "guts"? When was a convention of the AFL-CIO last rude to a President? When did the delegates last heave beer bottles at a Chief Executive? Absence of heartier applause is not rudeness nor is it treason. Mr. Nixon had no cause to complain about lack of courtesy in the reception he was given.

There was, however, a most ironic quality about the confrontation between a boorish labor leader and a show biz President. What ground did Meany and the AFL-CIO have to take Nixon to task for his failure to curb inflation? No American organization is more responsible for the current inflation, for which heavy military spending and the war in Vietnam are prime causes, than the AFL-CIO under Meany's dictation (one can't use the word leadership for he has never understood its real meaning). Meany and the AFL-CIO would, if they could, sharply increase military spending, even if it meant heating up the war in Vietnam. Their favorite candidate for the Presidency at the moment is Senator Jackson, more of a hawk than Nixon. However, the delegates did give

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friendly reception to Sen. George McGovern who, in Meany's elegant phrase, raised "the real gut issue" (actually he raised several "gut" issues). But neither Meany nor the delegates could quite bring themselves to cheer McGovern with enthusiasm. The man is a dove. He gives high priority to issues of poverty, hunger, unemployment and the like. Yet the delegates discovered what thousands of Americans are discovering, that it is very difficult to dislike George McGovern. When he said, in a typically quiet way, that he had not come to Miami to "praise the American flag which we all revere" but to talk about matters of immediate concern to them and to the nation, the rebuke to President Nixon was all the more effective for being so gentle and yet so firm. If it should come to pass that Nixon were to be opposed by McGovern, the American people would be given a splendidly sharp contrast in "images": the classic opportunist from Whittier, Calif., and the quiet public citizen from South Dakota. Television, which holds a patent on the game of "bad guys-good guys," would have a difficult time to blur these images. One could safely buy even a used car from George McGovern.

The Matter of Jobs

The President's new economic policy has stirred a wave of discussion about wages and prices, but much too little has been said about the need for jobs. Government figures on unemployment are quite misleading. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, 4.57 million people looked for jobs in October and could not find them. But David Livingston, the experienced president of District 65, Distributive Workers of America, feels that 9 million would be a more realistic estimate. "There is," he says, "a crisis atmosphere that truly exists in the area of unemployment that doesn't get across." A 6 per cent unemployment rate means that 5 million are looking for work, but it also means that at some time during the year several times that number were unemployed. "Averages and aggregates," as Alice M. Rivlin of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare writes in *The Washington Post*, "do not convey the acuteness of the problem."

Nor do they suggest how severely unemployment affects particular groups. When the unemployed rate for whites went from 3.3 to 6.1 (between the end of 1969 and 1971), the rates for blacks went from 5.5 to 9.9. Women who seek jobs have a persistently higher unemployment rate than men. Unemployment for white teen-agers, about 11 per cent in 1969, has risen to 15 per cent; rates for black teen-agers, which were hovering around 24 per cent in 1969, are up to 32 per cent. This last figure, as Miss Rivlin suggests, "boggles the mind." All of which underscores the importance of manpower programs. Senator McGovern's proposal for $10 billion in federal funds for programs to create jobs in the construction of homes, schools and hospitals and to accelerate mass transit and pollution control projects, points in the right direction. Miss Rivlin's general conclusion is unassailable: "Serious attention had better be given to manpower policy. . . . Otherwise we may be in for a long Phase 2 with little progress on reducing unempoyment and continuing pressure against wage controls."

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Struggle Over Foreign Policy

The single benefit that has emerged from the folly and wickedness of the Indochinese war is that it has served to bring to a head the wider question of the respective roles of the Congress and the executive in the formulation of foreign policy. In a thoughtful commentary written for *The New York Times* of November 20, John W. Finney says: "As evolved over the last twenty years, the bipartisan foreign policy came to mean more than the absence of partisanship; it meant a passive Congress willing to follow and support the President." Dutiful passivity is still the prevailing sentiment in the House, where Speaker Carl Albert proclaims it in a more extreme form than that conceived by Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, the apostle of bipartisan foreign affairs. But in the Senate a new independent grasp of foreign policy has brought the Foreign Relations Committee into chronic confrontation with the Administration over Indochina; in another turn away from Congressional subservience, Senator Mansfield is trying to force a reduction in troop strength in Europe.

President Johnson's duplicity dragged the country into a full-scale land war in Asia. At the time, he encountered scarcely any Congressional opposition. President Nixon's duplicity in continuing the war under cover of Vietnamization and killing an estimated 300 Indochinese civilians per day, mainly with American bombers, is not being as passively accepted. The change is a measure of the shift away from the dominance of the executive branch in formulating foreign policy. If a more temperate personality were in the White House, the Senate might be able to reassert itself without resort to severe measures. But in Mr. Nixon the legislators must deal with a President who, while going through the motions of conciliation with Moscow and Peking, remains intent on not being the first American President to lose a war and who, in this and other matters, gets his back up at slight provocation. Arrogance is the only word that fits his action in announcing, as he did on November 17, that he would ignore a policy on troop withdrawals from Vietnam embodied in a measure passed by Congress and signed by him.

In its efforts to redirect foreign policy, the Congress has been irresolute, while the President remains irreconcilable. It may be, as Senator Mansfield says, that while the President can ignore Congressional policy, it will remain in the back of his mind; but it seems more likely that stronger measures will be required if the Congress is to regain some checks and balances in the area of making war and of foreign policy generally. The Congress' ultimate authority rests on the power of the purse, which sooner or later it will have to exert.

The Cordova Fishermen

The spokesmen for the Cordova, Alaska, fishermen who passed through the national capital recently are a modest and gentle group who know nothing about high-pressure lobbying tactics and who therefore got almost no attention either from politicians or the press. That is a pity, for they came with a reasonable request: that somebody do something to prevent the destruction of their livelihood by the proposed Alaskan oil pipeline.

If the international oil consortium gets its way, and there's little doubt that ultimately it will, the pipeline will be built from the Northern Slope across Alaska to Valdez harbor, where supertankers will load the oil. There will certainly be oil spills and probably there will be tanker accidents in the large Prince William Sound and/or in the narrows leading to Valdez. The effects could be catastrophic for hundreds of fishermen in that area.

Before the prospect of oil riches addled the brains of Alaskan politicians, they treated the state's fishermen with respect. After all, the fishermen of Prince William Sound do an estimated $20 million annual wholesale business, and until oil came along, that was not judged to be a rinky-dink income. But attitudes have changed. The fishermen claim that Alaska Gov. William A. Egan told them privately, "The future of the state will be built on oil," with the clear implication that fish were a part of a very archaic past.

The same attitude greeted the fishermen who came to Washington. One said that Sen. Theodore F. Stevens [R., Alaska] was nervous, irritated and curt. "He told us, 'Wernher von Braun has assured me personally that all the technical know-how of NASA will be brought to bear on Valdez, and not one drop of oil will reach the water.' I don't know how NASA got into the act or why we should trust that German. Anyway, Stevens just rolled over us, wouldn't listen, gave us about ten minutes, and then disappeared—claiming he had to go vote."

With the best of luck, a significant amount of oil will enter the harbor and bay off Valdez. There is no way to escape it. According to Robert C. Clark, Jr. and John S. Finley of the National Marine Fisheries Service in Seattle, .01 per cent spillage is considered "exceptionally low." Very few tanker ports have such a fine record. Even if the Valdez operation achieved that "ideal," it would mean that when the Trans-Alaska pipeline starts pumping at the projected level of 2 million barrels a day, the spillage into Valdez harbor will be 200 barrels—or 73,000 barrels annually—which is more than three-fifths the load involved in the *Torrey Canyon* disaster.

Is that to say that the residents of Prince William Sound can look forward to the equivalent of a small *Torrey Canyon* disaster every year? No, it is to say something much worse. In a paper presented at an oil spills symposium this year, K. E. Biglane and R. H. Wyer of the Water Quality Office of the Environmental Protection Agency said, "The widespread spills resulting from the *Torrey Canyon*, the *Ocean Eagle* and the Santa Barbara blowout were obviously harmful discharges, but the chronic, small discharges from both onshore and offshore facilities are less obvious and are believed to have the most serious and long-term effects on the environment." Remembering that Valdez harbor and the approach to the harbor will see at least 200 barrels of spillage each day, it is sobering to learn from Biglane and Wyer that "it has been found that as little as 50 gallons per square mile would produce a sheen" that would be difficult to remove but, if left would play hell with fish and wildlife.

Not that the Valdez area will escape only with the day-by-day devastation. There will undoubtedly be wrecked supertankers. The fishermen say that much of the Valdez channel is too shallow to accommodate super-

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tankers, and they say that winds sometimes get as high as 120 miles an hour and stay at that pitch for ten days to two weeks. Even allowing for some exaggeration in their description, it still sounds like a shipwreck coast.

Just what the oil spills will do to the fish, clams, prawns and other important seafood products of the area is unknown. The federal government has rushed to help the oil men build their pipe, but it has done nothing yet to determine what the effects of oil will be on aquatic life. Most studies to date have been paid for by the oil industry; none has been completed.

Especially needed is an impartial study to see how well (if at all) salmon eggs can live when they are coated with petroleum, as they inevitably will be when they are laid in the inter-tidal areas of the beaches.

Not content only to trail their goo through the harbor and bay, the tankers will also occasionally foul the queen crab fishery that was established a couple of years ago between Hinchenbrook Island and Knowles Head. About a thousand crab pots—each worth between $150 to $200, the fishermen say—will be imperiled in rough weather because this water has been designated as a holding area for tankers during storms, and their propellers won't deal kindly with the crab pot buoys.

The oil industry would have the public believe that the need to protect the fishing industry of Alaska is minor compared to the energy needs of the United States. But if you ask the oil men to prove their assertion by revealing specific and detailed production figures for the lower forty-eight states, they will refuse. Such information, they insist, is a "trade secret."

It's time the "energy need" argument was put in its place. The country has been asked to excuse the Santa Barbara blowout and the Chevron spill in the Gulf and all the other 10,000 or so oil spills each year because it faces an "energy crisis." Americans are asked to play fast and loose with the antitrust laws because of the "energy crisis," and to take without complaint the recent multi*billion* dollar natural gas price increase.

Until the oil men give better proof, it is perhaps time to assume there may be other crises more pressing than the "energy crisis." It just could be that the threat to the livelihood of a few hundred fishing families in Alaska is one of them.

The Grace of Imagination

Only at the end of its study, "The Air War in Indochina," does the Cornell Center for International Studies depart from its tone of dispassionate factuality. [See lead editorial, *The Nation,* November 29.] Then, says Herbert Mitgang, writing in *The New York Times* of November 21, it turns philosophical to observe: "We suspect that the crucial failure occurred in a different domain than competency. . . . It was a failure of the imagination."

In the *Book Review* of that same Sunday *Times,* Leonard Michaels, reviewing several Kafka volumes, quotes the Austrian on the suicide of the poet, George Trakl: 'He had too much imagination. . . . So he could not endure the war, which arose above all from a monstrous lack of imagination."

Thus twice in one issue the paper echoes that most terrifying of verdicts on humanity—that its most cruel savagery is motivated, not by greed or hatred or any of the other classic vices but by the absence of foresight and empathy.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." And forgiveness they must have, if for no other reason than that punishment is irrelevant. But let them first acknowledge what it is they have done—or let others make plain the consequences—so that, rather than join the long list of those extinct beasts that could not adapt, the human race may at last begin to grow into the grace of imagination.

Required Reading

We commend to the public in general, and to Lewis F. Powell Jr. in particular, two timely reports on current threats to the media: "The Engineering of Restraint: The Nixon Administration and the Press" by Fred Powledge (a report of the American Civil Liberties Union) and "Press Freedom Under Pressure," a preliminary report of the Twentieth Century Fund's Task Force on Government and the Press (the final report and a factual background paper by Fred Graham will be published early next year). Mr. Powell—it may be Mr. Justice Powell by the time this issue appears—feels that we enjoy the freest of free presses and thus have nothing to worry about on that score. These findings should shake his complacency.

Both are well-documented, carefully researched reports issued by responsible organizations. Both detail quite specific current threats to the media: the issuance of subpoenas for reporters' notes, the issuance of fake press credentials to police agents, the government's attempt to enjoin publication of the Pentagon Papers, the harassment of CBS by a legislative committee at the time of *The Selling of the Pentagon* documentary, attacks against the underground press, and other recent incidents. The Twentieth Century Fund report is based on the deliberations of an eleven-member Task Force, chaired by Robert Williamson, former chief justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, which began its research last February. The group includes lawyers, reporters (black and white, from both the printed and electronic media), editors, two judges and a district attorney. Its report contains valuable recommendations. Indeed, both reports merit careful consideration by the public, publishers, editors, the working press, the legal profession, agencies such as the FCC, legislative bodies, and such Administration figures as Attorney General Mitchell and Vice President Agnew.

Each week's news brings still additional incidents and warnings. For example, Thomas King Forcade, Washington representative of the Underground Press Syndicate, and a member of the Twentieth Century Fund's Task Force, has been barred from White House news coverage for "security" reasons. The Administration recently ordered an FBI investigation of Daniel Schorr, a respected member of the CBS news bureau in Washington, and justified it on the unconvincing ground that he was being considered for a federal position for which he had not applied and about which he knew nothing. The Administration admits that security agents have been conducting nighttime forays on the Pentagon news room to rummage

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in news-room desks and wastepaper baskets. Daniel Z. Henkin, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, was "very distressed" to learn about these scouting parties and has said that they will be discontinued. In Boston FBI agents, armed with subpoenas, were found poring over the bank records of Beacon Press, publishers of *The Pentagon Papers,* until Judge Bailey Aldrich issued a temporary injunction which ordered a halt in the snooping. Such incidents—and they keep occurring—demonstrate that current threats against the media should not be lightly dismissed, and underscore the importance of these timely and excellent reports.

BLOODY SUDAN

TEN YEARS OF FRATRICIDE

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, *is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

Nairobi

For more than a decade, an obscure civil war has ravaged the Sudan. Largely ignored by the rest of the world, it is Africa's longest war, paralyzing the Sudan's three southern provinces intermittently from 1955 and continuously from 1963. The war has led to perhaps a half-million deaths and has forced 200,000 southerners to flee for refuge in neighboring countries. All the terror and turmoil have come from cultural hatred.

A visitor can catch the meaning of the war on a Saturday night at the dance hall in Juba, the main town of the southern Sudan. As a southern quartet blares out its kinetic jazz, tall, black southerners and their callipygous women leave their opened bottles of "Camel" beer on metal tables and move toward the enormous dance floor, their legs suddenly beating, their rumps shaking with the first step on the floor.

A few young northern men, who work in the government offices of Juba, ask southern girls to dance. The northerners, a shade or two lighter in skin color, flail their arms and beat the steps. Their heads bob and their knees shake, but somehow they miss. They seem awkward, ill at ease, out of beat. In the words of the racial cliché, the northerners, though African, don't have rhythm. Or, to be more accurate, they have a rhythm that is culturally different from that of the black southerners. Northerners look to the Middle East and Arabic culture; southerners to the heart of Africa and black culture.

The Sudan is the largest country in Africa, about a third the size of the United States, with a north of scrublands and sandy, arid hills, and a south of forests and grasslands. Swamps separate the two regions.

Of a population of 15 million, perhaps 11 million live in the north. Almost all of them are Moslem, most of them speak Arabic and many have some Arab blood. Most northerners wear robes called djellabahs and twisted turbans called immas; they live in rectangular adobe houses in walled compounds on ordered streets.

Most of the 4 million Sudanese in the south are pagans, though in the past missionaries managed to convert a half-million to Christianity. Some traditional southerners wear coiled bracelets of brass and bells on their ankles. Others carry spears and bows, and plaster their hair with rust-dyed cow dung. Many simply wear white shirts and Western trousers. Most southerners live in clusters of thatched, beehive huts.

The southern rebels call themselves Anyanya, which in Bari, a vernacular of the region, means a poison made by grinding the head of a cobra into powder. They want some degree of autonomy from the northern-run Sudanese Government in Khartoum. In principle, the government agrees. Soon after coming to power in 1969, President Jaafar el Numeiri promised the south regional autonomy, but so far he has failed to fulfill the promise. Recently, there have been a few promising signs, but the war and its brutality go on.

The issues are complicated by the long, ambiguous and complex history of the south's relations with the north. The two areas were not ruled as one until both were conquered by Muhammad Ali, the Khedive of Egypt, in 1820. Under Egyptian rule, a slave trade developed, with the Arabized traders of the north raiding the blacks in the south. This trade, which did much to alienate southerners from Islam and from their northern neighbors, is still brought up today by angry rebels.

During their colonial rule in the 20th century, the British cut the south off from the north, trying to shield it from Islam. The British even kept out Muslim traders and banned the sale of turbans and djellabahs. The south was opened to Christian missionaries. The missionaries were hampered by climate, lack of funds, the backwardness of tribes, and the tendency of the British to ignore the south. Though they did effect a good many conversions, they failed of their social goals. By independence in 1956, the mission schooling had failed to keep pace with the Islamic and government schooling of the north. The south was also far behind in political and economic development.

Southerners were kept out of the conferences that negotiated independence, and most of the posts in the new, independent government went to northerners. This imbalance provoked a mutiny by the southern-manned Equatoria Corps of the army in 1955. At least 260 northerners and seventy-five southerners were killed in this first violent protest by the south.

The constitutional committee, on which the south was allowed only three of the forty-three seats, rejected a federal system, and the southerners felt further aggrieved at having been cheated of their autonomy. The enmity was intensified after 1958, when Gen. Ibrahim Abboud took over the government and decided to deal with the

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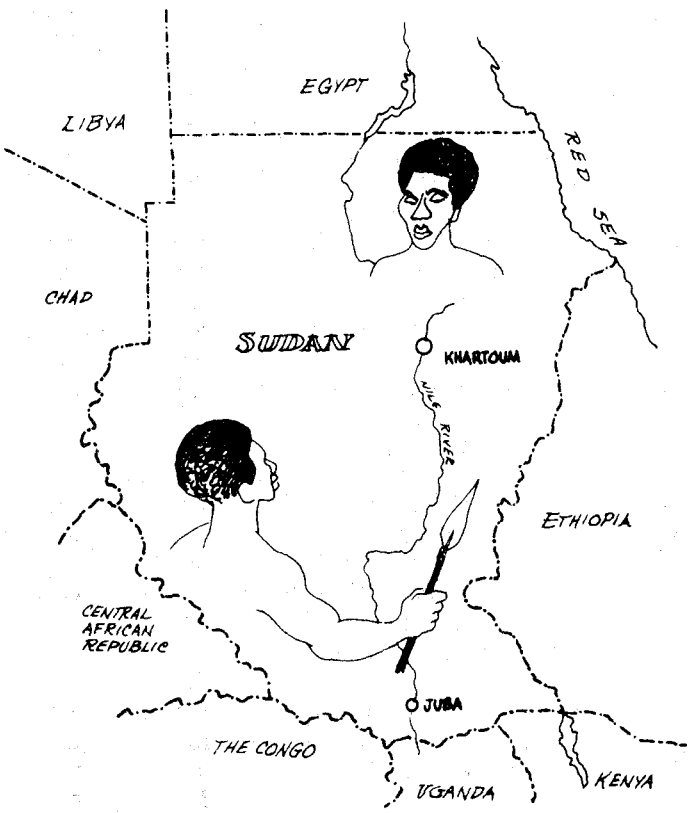
south by converting it to Islam—by force, if necessary. Abboud opened Koranic schools in the south, sent down Islamic preachers, made Arabic the language of instruction in all schools, proclaimed Friday the day of rest, arrested priests, and finally expelled all missionaries. It was during this period that southerners began to flee across the borders. The Anyanya emerged in 1963.

After Abboud had been overthrown by civilian demonstrations in 1964, peace seemed possible. In 1965, leaders of the northern political parties and the southern exile organizations met in Khartoum. But the conference failed, probably because the rightist Islamic parties that controlled the government feared that autonomy for the south would be the first step toward separation.

The civilian government intensified the northern attempt to suppress the rebellion by force. There were massacres. On July 8, 1965, Sudanese soldiers began firing into the native huts of Juba. The shooting continued until the afternoon of the next day and left 360 southerners dead and many others wounded. Later, the soldiers rushed to the Juba hospital and killed a southern doctor who was trying to care for the wounded.

A few days later, a party of 100 southerners, including several government officials, were celebrating the weddings of two couples in a private home in the southern town of Wau. Suddenly, soldiers surrounded the house, opened fire, and then rushed in, still shooting. More than seventy southerners were killed, including a 4-year-old boy and a 10-year-old girl. These massacres increased the flight of southerners from the Sudan; some southern towns were almost stripped of their population.



Drawing by Barnell

When Numeiri came to power after his coup in 1969, he in turn intensified the military suppression of the rebellion. At the same, he promised the south regional autonomy and economic development, hinging his promises, however, on conditions: peace and the creation of a Socialist-minded class in the south. For more than two years, there has been little progress toward peace.

Most outsiders believe the Anyanya numbers 5,000 to 8,000 soldiers. Though there are splinter groups and rivals among the rebels, it is thought that, in general, they are well organized, operating in large units with typewritten orders, radio communication, some semblance of uniforms and medical teams. It seems that their only significant outside help comes from the Israelis, who drop arms and other supplies from a DC-3 on a regular flight from Ethiopia.

Like most guerrilla groups in Africa, the Anyanya operate sporadically. They lay mines, ambush Sudanese patrols, shoot mortars at river boats, attack small outposts, steal food, and intimidate southerners who cooperate with the government. The vastness of the three provinces of the south is on their side. Government control is fragile in the hinterland of most of Africa. Thus, the rebels have managed to limit Sudanese control to those towns and villages that the government garrisons with soldiers or police. Given the expanse of territory and the size of the Sudanese army, few places can be so held. In Equatoria, the most southern and troublesome province, for example, the Sudanese are said to control only Juba and four other towns and villages.

The absence of government troops, however, does not mean that the Anyanya control, at least not in a formal way. The rebels work only in hiding. If they were to proclaim control over any sizable village, they would be blasted out by the Sudanese army and air force.

Most diplomats in Khartoum believe that the Sudanese army no longer launches brutal reprisals as it did in 1965, though nervous Sudanese soldiers probably still fire at any southerner they see running from them. Since Numeiri took over the government, there has been an attempt, in the diplomatic view, to discipline the troops and to use them only for convoy duty and to attack obvious rebel strongholds. As evidence, observers cite the rising populations in the towns of the south that were deserted after the 1965 massacres. But this picture of moderation and restraint has been disputed by Allan Reed, a young Anyanya sympathizer from La Habra, Calif., who has spent ten months with the rebels in the south, probably longer than any other foreigner. Reed, who trekked 3,000 miles with the Anyanya, came to the Sudan after Numeiri took over. In a series of interviews with the *Los Angeles Times*, Reed said that the northerners bomb villages, burn crops and huts, force villagers into the garrisoned towns, seize hostages, and kill them in reprisals. Reed also said that he has evidence of massacres since 1969 that resemble on a smaller scale the killings in 1965.

The Sudanese army and air force have several hundred Soviet advisers, perhaps as many as 700. But Western diplomats in Khartoum doubt some published reports that the Russians take part in Sudanese patrols or fly Russian helicopters in combat. Instead, they believe the Russians in the south limit themselves to planning, train-

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ing, maintenance of the helicopters, and noncombatant flying.

There is some evidence that President Numeiri may finally try to put in effect some kind of autonomy for the south during 1972. After a succession of coup and counter-coup that ousted him from power for three days in July, Numeiri received a delegation of twenty southern leaders, including officials working for the Sudanese Government. They told Numeiri that peace could be restored in the south if he gave it autonomy soon—and, at the same time, opened negotiations with Joseph Lago, commander of the Anyanya.

According to a member of the delegation, Numeiri agreed to both proposals. First, he conveniently blamed his past failures on the Communists, now in disgrace because of their role in the abortive coup against him. He told the southerners that autonomy had been held up by the Communist, Joseph Gareng, who had been minister of southern affairs until his execution after the July coups. Numeiri said that the Revolutionary Command Council, which runs the Sudan, had ordered Gareng to establish autonomy, but "he slipped everything we gave him into the drawer." With Gareng gone, Numeiri said, autonomy would be included in the new Sudanese constitution, now being drafted and scheduled for adoption next year. At the same time, Numeiri promised that he would be willing to meet Lago at any time at any place to negotiate a settlement of the civil war.

The promises of Numeiri could mean an end to the war at last, but southerners seem far from euphoric. Rhetoric has a way of obscuring reality in the Sudan, and promises a way of hanging on as promises. Inertia often rules. Moreover, there are contradictions in the rhetoric. In mid-September, Numeiri flew into Juba and addressed a rally in the public square. He promised autonomy with "all authority in the hands of southerners, including a pure southern police force." But he did not mention negotiation with the Anyanya at all. In fact, his words were hardly conducive to any kind of dialogue. Referring to the rebels, Numeiri said, "The door is open to anyone, but anyone who raises one rifle against us will have twenty rifles raised against him."

To a large extent, an end to the war probably depends on the attitude of northerners and their understanding of the grievances, problems and differences of the southerners. In many ways, the northerners look on the southerners in the same manner that European colonizers looked on Africans in the past (and as the Portuguese still do). In Khartoum, southerners can be seen mostly in coolie labor, transporting huge sacks on their backs or sweeping stores or digging ditches. In the south, the top jobs go to northerners who administer the government there, just as the British officers did years ago.

To a Moslem of the north, especially one imbued with Arab culture, the people of the south hardly seem worth worrying about. In a recent interview, for example, Mahdi Mustafa, who heads the committee drafting the new constitution, said that he would see nothing wrong if the constitution proclaimed Islam the state religion of the Sudan. He said he recognized that southerners would not like the idea. "But," he went on, "can we convince 11 million northerners that they should surrender their traditions for the benefit of a minority of a few hundred thousand?"

When I protested that the south had a population of 4 million, not a few hundred thousand, he replied, "Yes, but three and a half million are pagan. They have not seen any of the heavenly religions." They did not count. □

PRISON: THE NEW ACADEMY

BRUCE JACKSON

Mr. Jackson, professor of English at State University of New York at Buffalo, is now in Berkeley on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is the author of several books, including A Thief's Primer *(Macmillan) and* Wake Up, Dead Man *(a collection of black convict work songs from Texas prisons, to be published by Harvard University Press early next year).*

In the old days, five years or so ago, one went to prison to do one's time and acquire a trade. The state set one to learning how to stamp license plates or pick cotton or barber (and other inmates told you there were no license plate plants in the free world, that cotton is picked by machine in the free world, and that few states will give ex-convicts a license to wield scissors and razor). Inmate colleagues offered other forms of occupational training; how to handle oneself when passing a bad check, how to "peel" or "punch" a safe, how to switch cars when coming home from a robbery, how to handle a hooker who doesn't know her place. Some years ago I met a young man who had been sent to an Ohio penitentiary for young offenders after two years of high school. He spent his entire twenty-six-month sentence learning to manipulate dice and cards; he practiced four to eight hours a day, and when he was released he was a first-rate card and dice mechanic and eminently employable.

Few people really worried much about that sort of education. Voices were occasionally heard, protesting that "prisons are breeding places for crime," but that was only words and not important enough, really, to bring about any change in the way prisons were run. Now it is different. Prisons seem to have become breeding grounds for something far more threatening to American peace of mind than mere theft or murder or mayhem. They are instructing in radical politics, and it is for real.

Prison is a particularly fertile ground for radical education and organizing; what seems odd is that they never took hold before. The residents have nothing to lose but stigma for what they were or might have been. The people who run prisons do not offer a method for es-

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caping one's past, but the radical logic and language supply a vehicle for transcending it.

A few years ago a prison administrator, asked about political activities or troublemakers in his institution, might have pointed to some Black Muslims, most of whom were locked up in special wings to keep them from influencing other inmates. The condition is now endemic (in the North; the South doesn't have it yet, but will soon) and administrators would have to lock up half their inmate populations to stop political education. California prisons now keep hundreds of inmates in isolated lockup cells, just to prevent them from discussing the political and institutional implications of the massacre at Attica and the killing of George Jackson, two other inmates and three guards at San Quentin on August 21.

The California Board of Corrections recently published an extraordinary report, "Violence in California Prisons," which was made at the request of Gov. Ronald Reagan. The report says nothing about what might be wrong with California prisons; it simply blames all violence on radical inmates, radical lawyers, and the greater concentration of violent inmates because of more liberal use of probation and more commitments to county jails (in January 1969 the California system had 28,600 inmates; in October 1971 it held only 21,000).

It is true that more inmates are on probation, but that hasn't changed the tenor of the institutions in which the violence has occurred—San Quentin, Soledad and Folsom—because prisoners even remotely eligible for parole would not have been sent to those places anyway; they would have gone to minimum security forestry camps and such. It is true that there is more revolutionary activity within the institutions, but not because prisons have become favored oases for revolutionaries; rather because prison conditions are so dissonant with progress made outside over the past two decades that inmates no longer blindly accept the brutality and injustice that for so long characterized life behind the walls.

The process of radicalization is described in a letter from an inmate to his lawyer, to be published, along with many other letters from California inmates to their attorneys, in a book edited by Eve Pell, *Maximum Security* (E. P. Dutton, January):

> Prison is where my education began in earnest, where I learned more about the course of my (our) conflicts; and it is where I began to look at my history and the history of other oppressed people in the world and how they set out to resolve their conflicts through the process of resistant struggle and revolutionary wars of varying types, depending on time, circumstance, condition, place and history. From the beginning of my incarceration I found others in "captive detention" who sought the same answers as myself, and we looked for them together. We grew as the movement on the streets here in Babylon grew. We were always under constant observation by those responsible for keeping us, "the enemy." But his observation did not disturb us because we would use this as our "academy". . . . When we were released we'd take what solutions we had with us to the community. But as the movement outside drew world attention, it also drew the attention of the wardens, and they began to associate the fact that Malcolm X was a convict and that we were convicts, that Malcom X studied and that we were studying. Then the *natural* was identified solely with Rap and became the "Rap Brown haircut," or the "football haircut" as the pigs at Soledad prison call it. Every time a natural-headed nigger popped up on this T.V. screen or on the front page of a paper, he had a gun in his hand. . . .
>
> The time passed when Black men could use the prison facilities as just a place to prepare for the struggle outside. The pigs brought the struggle inside. They fostered race riots—vendettas between Black, Brown and White that lasted many seasons and cost many lives and lots of "added time." The prison became a fortress instead of a facility, a concentration camp instead of a rehabilitation center, a place unsafe for anyone who came off the streets who was knowingly involved in the struggle and anyone of us suspected to engage in the struggle upon release. We now consider ourselves as being "trapped behind enemy lines."

The turmoil in prisons is not isolated from the rest of society. There have been an extraordinary number of eruptions and disorders in major social institutions during the past decade: the colleges had five years of escalating disorders; there were major riots in a dozen large cities and hundreds of smaller ones; even the Army—bastion of order and neatness—seems near chaos. It should be no surprise that the mood has at last reached the final receptacle of social failure—the prisons themselves.

Prison is run by the most powerful of bureaucracies: the guards and wardens have absolute say over years of a man's life; the residents of a prison range from the weak and fumbling to the tough and committed; the keepers and the kept suffer in exacerbated form all the anxieties, fears, prejudices and concerns of the society outside.

Radicals in prison have traditionally spelled trouble to prison administrators, for they tended to spend their prison years doing one of two things, each repugnant to wardens: writing their memoirs (such as Alexander Berkman, whose *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist,* published more than fifty years ago, is still a good introduction to what's wrong with prison), or organizing and converting other convicts. Of the two, wardens by far prefer memoir writing, for in the past other convicts have had little apparent interest in reading such documents, and the documents have rarely had much influence on the policy makers to whom prison administrators must defer. And in the past radicals were more successful at writing than at organizing, in large part because they were usually sent to federal penitentiaries, where they found few intellectual comrades or political followers among the other principal penitentiary residents—big-time dope dealers, embezzlers, corrupt union officials, et al.

But things have changed—radically. First, more and more radicals are doing their time in state prisons. Some are in for offenses deriving from their political activities outside (such as Sam Melville, the Weatherman bomber, later shot to death by troopers at Attica); some were put away on trumped-up charges or for minor drug offenses for which they got very long sentences (such as Lee Otis Johnson in Texas and John Sinclair in Michigan). Second, more and more prison radicals and revolution-

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aries are black, and are reaching out to a portion of the prison population no one ever tried to reach before; they seem enormously successful. One of their most important achievements, having created a degree of black solidarity, has been to convince Spanish-speaking and white inmates that their real enemies are the guards and administrators rather than the blacks, and that unified action across racial lines represents the only hope any of them has for significant improvement of prison conditions.

Third, the target population, the unpoliticized and unradicalized inmate, is greedy for the knowledge offered. The various autobiographies and other prison writings—books such as George Jackson's *Soledad Brother,* Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*—are carefully and passionately devoured by inmates; those books and others are discussed in inmate seminars, and the implications for white and black inmates are seen in terms of a new prison politics of which the recent disorders at Attica and San Quentin are only a vanguard. The message the black inmate gets from his radical brother is simple and direct: we have been victimized and brutalized on the streets, and as a result we got into trouble with the white man and he locked us away in this place. The question now is: shall we be double victims—not only locked up here but oppressed and humiliated here as well—or shall we fight back as men?

ACLU attorney Herman Schwartz has been involved in prisoners' rights cases the past several years. [See "S. 30: 'The Seeds of Repression'" by Herman Schwartz, *The Nation*, August 3, 1970.] Schwartz says, "Prison is a place where people have only privileges and no rights, and privileges are withdrawable when administrators want them withdrawn." The inmate uprising at Attica, he says, is "the same kind of thing that happened at Watts and Newark; you've got to see it as part of the same picture." In Attica, as in most prisons, men are caged like animals, they do stupid work and are paid a demeaning wage for it; everything is censored; visits are arbitrarily limited; medical care is wretched; disciplinary procedures are unfair, and the parole system is capricious. In such a situation, rebellion was "absolutely inevitable: you can't treat people like that and not have them blow up. . . . You can't make some people rightless and not expect a revolution, not expect them to rise up like men. We have too much egalitarian propaganda for that. It is the American ethos, after all."

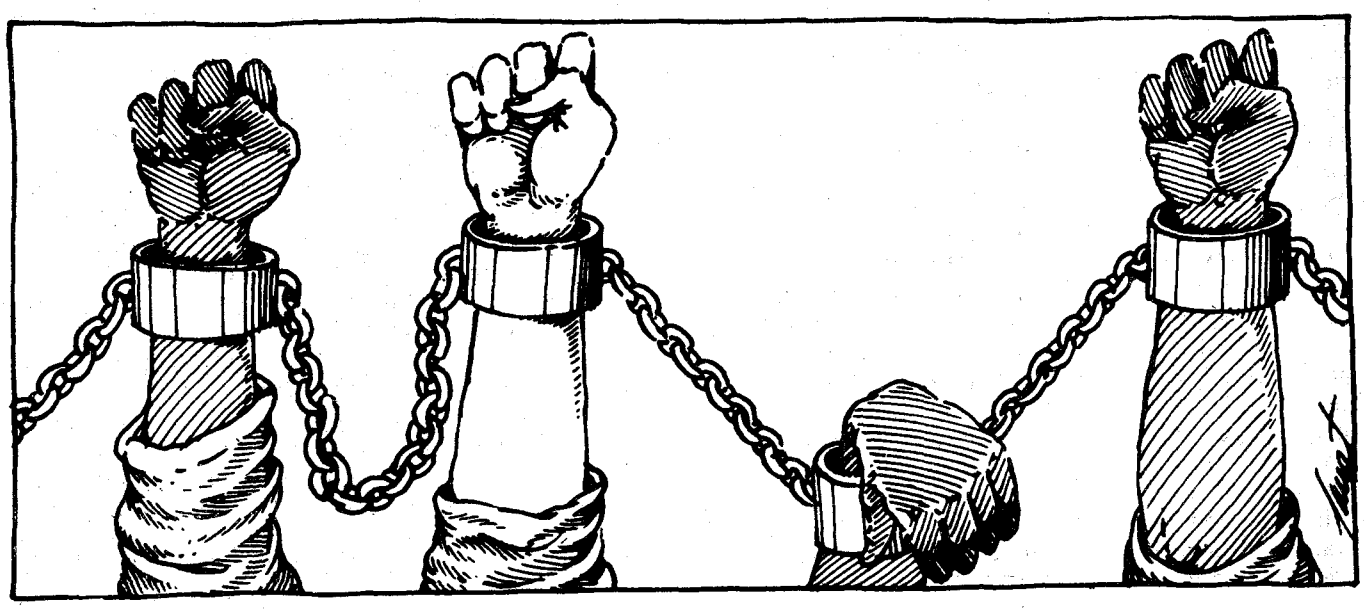
New York Corrections Commissioner Russell Oswald told a reporter, "Nothing is more powerful than an idea and they have the idea they are victims of a racist society, repressed by racist pigs and racist institutions. What we have to do is find ways to reach these people."

The self-perception of many black felony inmates has changed radically during the past five years. A man may have been a pimp or dope dealer or mugger on the street. Authorities say to him, "You're just a common criminal and you're going to jail," but the new rhetoric permits him to respond, "No, I am not a *common* criminal. I am a black man convicted of a crime. Being black in this society set me in an environment in which crime was the only accessible way to survive or to express my rage. It was the only way I knew to make it, and it even meant I sinned against my black brothers and sisters. Because I was black, you whites dealt with me in a certain way when I was caught, and it now influences the way you treat me in prison. If you considered me the same as any other offender it wouldn't be so difficult for a black man to get out on parole. No. I am a political prisoner, *not* a common criminal."

One California inmate wrote attorney Fay Stender: "I have been in rebellion all my life, I just did not know against what, nor how, but it's so clear now, that even a blind man cannot miss."

Few corrections administrators know what to do with that argument. The attempt to repress radical discussion by isolating articulate inmates, as California authorities have done, doesn't really work; it puts certain men out of general circulation for a while, but in the process it confirms their accusations and even makes them heroes.

California Gov. Ronald Reagan said recently that "Some revolutionaries who have been active on campuses are now fomenting trouble in prisons." One has a vision



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of long-haired political science students sneaking nightly into San Quentin and Attica and Soledad to foment dissent. It is nonsense, of course. To look upon what has been happening in prisons lately as the result of outside schemers and plotters is merely to extend the kind of official insensitivity that engendered the mess in the first place. As one California legislator remarked recently, "Revolutionaries can't cause problems unless conditions inside are so bad they need revolutionaries to help them."

One reason that prison administrators are so ill-equipped to handle the political problems now is that the prisoners they used to know were a conservative lot. Most criminals—armed robbers, killers, rapists, check writers, car thieves and such—are lower class and adhere to lower-class values. For a great many years they accepted, and most still do accept, the authority of prison administrators just because it was authority—as they had accepted sometimes irrational or capricious authority in the Army or in school or in church.

I talked with Warden L. S. Nelson of San Quentin. Like many other wardens, he is a veteran of the prison system who came up through the ranks (as in the Army and most police departments, there is no lateral entry in prison administration, which is one reason for administrative conservatism and resistance to new commissioners, who often seem gullible to the rank and file). Warden Nelson knows how a prison ought to be run and how he wants his prison to run, and he knows exactly who is interfering with his goal. He says that all the lawyers working on prisoners' rights cases and all the current legal trouble "only make it harder on the poor old average inmate who just wants to do his time and get out." In the midst of a harangue about radical lawyers and radical writers, he suddenly looked at my open collar, beard and hair, and broke off with, "Say, are *you* a radical?"

The warden complains that a new kind of criminal now coming into the prison thinks society has transgressed against *him*. Nelson cannot understand such reasoning: "They don't feel they should be responsible for what they do." And the attitude is abetted by people who've come in from the outside, "radical attorneys who've told them they're just a victim."

In this, Warden Nelson's views are in line with those of most other prison administrators who see the recent intrusion of civil rights lawyers as a attempt to test and interfere with the way prisons are run, rather than as an attempt to help individual inmates with individual cases. The wardens wouldn't mind if the lawyers spent their time helping convicts with *habeas corpus* writs and the like (many lawyers do), but they do mind court cases that challenge their right to extend a man's sentence by years, as a result of in-prison disciplinary hearings at which the inmate has no right to cross-examine witnesses, no right to counsel; they bristle at any questioning of their right to lock away in solitary confinement inmates whose only crime is suspected political activity.

Another factor, says Nelson, is "greater communication between inside and outside—they see students 'liberate' buildings, rip off society without retribution," and "amnesty is granted even before they sit down to talk." He feels convicts are led to try the same gambits.

Prison administrators do not understand that inmates want to *change* prison, change the way it works, change the way it is managed, change the function it has in society. "If a man is bent on getting out, he ought to be able to view ahead; if that's what he wants he ought to go down that road." Interfering with the operation of the system keeps a man from getting out; that doesn't make any sense to Nelson, for attacking the system is only further evidence that a man is unfit to be released. Warden Nelson echoes his boss, Ray Procunier, California's Commissioner of Corrections, who recently locked up a number of inmates without "program" (yard and recreation privileges, movement about the prison, etc.) explaining: "They are people who do not think there is anything wrong with themselves but think there is something wrong with society."

For a while, California authorities allowed inmates to send sealed letters to lawyers, but the Department of Corrections soon rescinded that permission. According to Procunier, "A few lawyers and a few inmates were abusing the sealed mail privilege, using such correspondence to circumvent rules, create dangerous dissension and even to foster disruptions via misleading counsel to inmates—by urging or at least not discouraging strikes and other disruptions, including legal actions on fabricated issues as a means of harassment and to generate publicity for radical causes."

His statement is misleading. Many lawyers involved in inmates' rights cases are not radical, and most of the issues they raise have to do only with getting prisoners some of the rights the law says are theirs. According to Herman Schwartz, a liberal civil rights lawyer whose work naturally led him into prison, it is a place "where there is no law at all." The main prisoners' legal aid group in Northern California, the Prison Law Project in Oakland, consists of about twelve people who spend a great deal of time doing things like restoring to a prisoner epilepsy medicine arbitrarily removed by a guard, or helping a man get letters to or from relatives. Often, when a prisoner is moved from one prison to another, personal property is lost—family photos, trial transcripts—and the workers in the Prison Law Project spend innumerable hours tracing down such items. Much of their work seems trivial, but it is enormously important to a man locked in a cage—the ordinary inmate with the ordinary inmate's awful problems.

In one regard, lawyers have indeed made life far more difficult for prison authorities, but not in the seditious way Commissioner Procunier suggests. The court cases won by ACLU lawyer Schwartz, the massive challenges to California prison procedures planned by the Prison Law Project, the immensely important court order handed down by Federal District Judge Robert H. Merhige, Jr. in response to ACLU attorney Philip J. Hirschkop's attack upon abuses in the Virginia prison system (Judge Merhige ordered, on October 30, that the prison system cease bread and water punishments, cease physical force for punishment, cease doubling up inmates in cramped solitary confinement cells, cease sending men to solitary and taking away their good time without a hearing conducted according to normal due process requirements, cease censoring and confiscating sealed mail between inmates and their attorneys and between inmates and

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government officials)—all these actions tell the many uncommitted inmates that the radicals are at least partially right, else the courts would not agree with them so often. The administrators complain because they are being obliged to obey the law, and the convicts are in the anomalous position of going to court to demand that prisons function in a way consonant with American legal principles.

Other forces contribute to radicalization. One ex-convict told me that Black Muslims have been very important in changing prisoner consciousness. He said they weren't as militant as the Black Panthers, but the obvious respect for one another among them led to a social cohesiveness previously rare in prison life. He said the Muslims do their business and don't fool around or play games, and the other inmates respect that and have learned from it.

Much of the recent violence has brought together ethnic groups that have traditionally been enemies. The 1970 Folsom prison strike (which lasted eighteen days and presented many of the same demands listed by the Attica inmates, none of which were granted) was unified—black, white, Chicano—as was the 1971 Attica rebellion. The shift in focus of anger from inmate against inmate to inmates against guards disturbs some prison authorities who for long years have used ethnic antagonism to preoccupy resentment that would otherwise have been directed against prison management. A member of the "Mexican Mafia," a tough gang in California prisons, said of George Jackson, "When I knew him it was them and us against each other, and he single-handedly taught us we were together." A white inmate now at Folsom, a man described as "very hard," wrote his lawyer, "I haven't cried since I was a little boy, and [when I heard about George Jackson's death] I cried like a baby. Don't bother with my case now, just bring a class action for everyone."

That is the big change in prison these last few years: in the past, convicts killed convicts, they took their brutality out on one another. "Now," one ex-convict said to me, "this is an entirely new concept in prisons: where they have identified the enemy as the guards, the prison itself."

After the 1970 demonstration in Los Angeles, when two Chicanos, one of them journalist Ruben Salazar, died from police gunfire, Chicano inmates at Folsom wanted to hold a memorial service. The Catholic priest refused to permit the inmates a eulogy, so the Black Muslims shared their service with the Chicanos and arranged for two of them to speak to the mixed group. Shortly thereafter, Muslim-Chicano services were prohibited by the administration—but the point about unity had been made.

A letter in Eve Pell's book describes how a black revolutionary inmate feels about unity: "It is precarious approaching [white groups], but as I said, *we* are willing, if for no other reason than to free our forces from a senseless struggle against those who are not our true foe. . . . Two hundred years of foolishness is no justification for continuing to be fools."

Another inmate wrote, "While prison is unfit for human shelter and a cruel mockery of the human condition, it nonetheless provides an ideal atmosphere for revolutionary education. Nowhere in society are the contradictions of the government's system of justice so glaring as they are in prison. In prison, oppression and brutality are not camouflaged by the subtle trapping of political dissent and social concessions."

Prison authorities are so terrified of organizations among inmates that even moderate groups such as the United Prisoners' Union—which claims a current membership of about 500, one-third of whom are in prison—are banned. In California, the union cannot send its literature to inmates through legitimate channels. The officers of the union say they are "going for straight trade unionism. . . . We don't need the [radical] rhetoric. There are so many problems. The point is, you're an economic slave in prison. There is no workmen's compensation. And there's the need to do meaningful work."

A simple humanization of prison conditions would ease the anger of many recently politicized inmates. They ask an end to the brutality, the arbitrary censorship, the racism, the capricious parole procedures, the arbitrary and cruel punishment systems (California prisons maintain euphemistically named "Adjustment Centers," prisons within the prisons to which troublesome or potentially troublesome inmates are committed for years, with no right to defend themselves against the charges that got them in there, and from which they are never paroled). The prisoners ask for proper medical treatment and decent living conditions. Ironically, a report prepared at the request of the California Department of Corrections by Robert E. Keldgord and a group of fifty-seven sociologists and criminologists makes all those recommendations, many of them echoing the demands of the inmate strikers at Folsom a year ago and the rebels at Attica last summer. The Keldgord report even recommended abolishing California's entire correctional management system as it is now constituted and closing Folsom and San Quentin. The Department of Corrections received that report in June, but kept it secret until a group of San Francisco lawyers sued for its release in October. Its 224 recommendations go further than anything so far put forth by any of the so-called revolutionary groups Governor Reagan and Corrections Commissioner Procunier insist are trying to undermine the prison system.

There are some inmates, though, for whom prison is no more than a paradigm of the outside world, and who insist that justice cannot be attained within the walls until the ills of society are cured. To them, it means little that the racism of the guards might be eliminated, if judges and juries and police still send men to prison because they are black and poor; it matters little if the police and judges and juries arrest and convict only people who are *really* guilty, if conditions of life in the cities of this country are such that members of ethnic minorities must—or feel they must—engage in a variety of criminal behaviors to survive. Nothing short of total revolution, a total redefinition of all our major social institutions, will satisfy these men.

And no one knows how many of them there are. Figures about radical or revolutionary convicts in American prisons vary wildly, and tell you more about the speaker than about political activity in prisons. I asked Warden Nelson how many radical inmates he had in San Quentin and he said, "Probably a hell of a lot more than I think and a hell of a lot less than Tom Wickwire [Tom Wick-

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er of *The New York Times*, whose recent articles sympathetic to Attica inmates infuriated prison administration old-timers] thinks. Probably a hundred. Got a hell of a lot more sympathizers, though."

He is right; there are a hell of a lot more sympathizers. And there will be more yet. There is no need at this point to detail the differential treatment the law-enforcement process affords whites and nonwhites, rich and poor. More than 60 per cent of prison inmates and less than 2 per cent of prison employees are black or Spanish-speaking. The ratio of nonwhites in county jails is far higher, because those institutions are mostly filled with men who lack funds for bail before trial or to pay fines after conviction. On one day last year, only 10 per cent of the 13,375 inmates in New York City jails were white.

There are martyrs now and, as Herman Schwartz said, "the blood of martyrs is a very fertilizing thing." There are the three blacks killed by guards while fighting with white inmates at Soledad prison on January 13, 1970 (since when, blacks ask, is a prison fist fight a capital offense, and why were only black activist inmates killed, and why were the killings called "justifiable homicide," and why were no black inmates invited to testify before the grand jury that reached that verdict?). There is George Jackson—whatever may be the facts of his death, few prisoners were satisfied with the official explanation, especially after the word got around that he was shot in the back while on the ground. Even those who accept the pistol-in-wig theory [see "San Quentin Shoot-Out: A Case for Skepticism" by Alfred H. Sigman, *The Nation*, November 1], say his was an understandable response to a system that had kept him in prison for eleven years, eight of them in solitary confinement, for a $70 robbery. There are John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo, both indicted for killing a white guard after it had been announced that the guard who killed the Soledad inmates would not be indicted. And there are the outside martyrs, men like Fred Hampton, who was shotgunned to death in his sleep by Chicago police, and Ruben Salazar, killed by police while covering a story. It may be true that these events are unconnected, that they reflect or reveal no pattern, but it would be hard to convince the militant inmates.

The evaluation by Kenneth Gibson, Mayor of Newark, of what is going on in prisons would be a testimony of good citizenship for anyone; some find it odd to hear these words applied to convicts: "Across the country young men and women in prisons are becoming aware of the forces which have controlled their lives. Many of these people have previously been uninvolved, alienated, without direction. They now attempt to learn how to deal with these forces and institutions so that they might be able to shape their own destiny and that of their children."

The inmate seminars will continue, the smuggled and hidden radical books will continue, the anger and violence and counterviolence will continue. So far, the great change among inmates has been in New York and California and a few isolated other places, but most experts expect the new mood to spread: there is enough anger, enough empathy, enough time to make that almost certain.

I remember listening some years ago to black convicts in a prison of the South sing work songs such as blacks had been using for 400 years as a way of accommodating themselves to slave and prisoner situations. Those songs acted as devices of control, of channeling. They are not sung any more and they never will be sung again. The prisoners believe it is time that the situation began accommodating itself to them, and more and more of them are willing to risk everything—even their lives—to make that accommodation occur. □

EL PASO GAS

THE NAKED POWER OF MONOPOLY

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

In his introduction to Morton Mintz and Jerry Cohen's *America, Inc.*, Ralph Nader points out that, while corporations commit far more devastating crimes than do individuals, they aren't treated as criminals. "There is no list of the ten most wanted corporations," he writes; and the same crimes are repeated year after year by the same "blue-chip corporate recidivists," with scant attention from the public.

How do the corporations get away with it? "It is easy to answer," says Nader—"power."

If one were to scan the Wall Street rogues' gallery for the perfect example of what Nader was talking about, one might readily settle on the El Paso Natural Gas Corp. The first qualification, corporate power, El Paso has aplenty. Its assets exceed $2.5 billion; in terms of reserves it is reputedly the largest gas pipeline company in America; and the Western states' dependence on El Paso for their gas supply is enough to revive the specter of slavery.

So powerful is El Paso that, although since 1964 the U.S. Supreme Court has held it to be in violation of the Clayton Act's prohibitions against anti-competitive activities, El Paso is still conducting its business exactly as it was seven years ago.

Indeed, on three subsequent occasions the El Paso case was returned to the Supreme Court, and each time the pipeline lost. It has suffered no penalties, and now, though thoroughly stamped as an outlaw, El Paso may be *retroactively* forgiven its transgressions and allowed to go right on operating as though the Supreme Court had never spoken one, two, three, four times.

There is a strong move afoot in the Congress—sup-

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ported by some liberals as well as by conservatives—to achieve this forgiveness. If El Paso and its allies succeed in pulling it off, the federal antitrust and monopoly laws will be pretty well laughed off the statute books. For the beginnings of this fascinating tale of rascality, one must go back to a time fifteen years ago in California, that font of fantasy.

In 1956 El Paso had a monopoly grip on the California natural gas market. Until 1954, it had monopolized the sale of gas in all states west of the Rockies, but in that year a new company, Pacific Northwest Pipeline and Gas Co., had tapped into the New Mexico gas fields and built a line to the Northwestern states. It had also tied in with bountiful supplies of Canadian gas, and by 1956 the company was thinking of expanding into California.

At that time El Paso was taking $400 million out of California, but that state is an insatiable market, well able to absorb the gas from three or four more pipeline companies; so El Paso had nothing to fear in the way of declining profits.

On the other hand El Paso had from the very beginning wanted to swallow Pacific Northwest. The year P.N. was organized, El Paso made its first purchase offer. And then in 1956 something happened to persuade El Paso that it could delay no longer. Edmund G. Brown, then California attorney general, decided that his state's consumers—90 per cent of whom heated their homes with natural gas—would get a better price if there was a competing gas supply, so he assigned a young deputy attorney general, William Bennett (a name to remember in this quarrel) to see if he could recruit the necessary competition.

Bennett went to Ray Fish, president of Pacific Northwest, "and in short an understanding was had," Bennett recalls, "that he would come to California to supply gas to our state." Fish promptly negotiated a major sales contract with Southern California Edison, the biggest buyer in that part of the state.

None of this was secret. El Paso had been listening and watching, and it was unhappy. It moved swiftly. First it sharply dropped its prices to get Edison to back out of its contract. Then it went to work with the great patent medicine of the corporate world: gold.

Being much richer and more powerful than Pacific Northwest, El Paso struck back with the customary strategy of business imperialism—it paid a $150 million bonus to P.N. shareholders (that is, $150 million above the normal market value of their stock) in a stock swap that gave El Paso 98 per cent ownership of Pacific Northwest. As Bennett says, the stock swap "was so far in excess of book value and so far in excess of market value that only a fool who owned a share of Pacific Northwest would not accept the offer."

El Paso claimed, and still claims, that it bought Pacific Northwest as an act of mercy. Howard Boyd, chairman of El Paso's board, said recently, "The company [Pacific Northwest] was headed to immediate bankruptcy. . . . When we took it over by stock acquisition in January of 1957 the company had a $23 million tax loss. Then from 1957 up until the date of the merger those losses increased to $53 million."

What he fails to point out is that these so-called tax losses were as good as money in the bank to El Paso, which absorbed them for its own tax-loss bookkeeping. But aside from that, there is good reason to believe that he is distorting the financial condition of the acquired company. As one oil executive put it, "If a company is failing, you don't rush in and pay them a $150 million bonus. You let them fail. That way, you get the company anyway and you avoid the antitrust laws." Even more emphatic on this point was Justice Douglas, in the Supreme Court's 1964 ruling:

> Pacific Northwest was no feeble, failing company; nor was it inexperienced and lacking in resourcefulness. It was one of two major interstate pipelines serving the trans-Rocky Mountain States; it had raised $250 million for its pipeline that extended 2,500 miles through rugged terrain. It had adequate reserves and managerial skill. It was so strong and militant that it was viewed with concern, and coveted, by El Paso.

In short, Douglas continued, "If El Paso can absorb Pacific Northwest without violating Title 7 of the Clayton Act, that section has no meaning in the natural gas field."

No sooner had the stock acquisition begun than El Paso was warned by Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell and by the Securities and Exchange Commission that it might be violating the anti-monopoly laws. California officials warned El Paso that they were going to sue to block the merger.

But El Paso went blithely ahead with its plans to merge P.N. into its corporate bowels; and as soon as it had received permission from Eisenhower's Federal Power Commission (one of the most inept and anti-public regulatory agencies ever to exist), El Paso did in fact complete the merger.

At that point, the U.S. Supreme Court, to which we so often had to turn for salvation from our folly in the Warren Court years, came to the consumers' rescue. It ruled that the FPC had no authority over mergers and had no business butting into the affair. The Supreme Court ruled that El Paso must divest itself of Pacific Northwest.

During the fourteen years since then El Paso has been fighting to keep Pacific Northwest, and in that time it has spent an estimated $12.6 million on outside law firms and $1.74 million through the New York public relations firm, Hill and Knowlton.

It has been a truly fantastic display of corporate power. In one of its typical razzle-dazzle negotiations to pacify the opposition, El Paso got the state of Utah to withdraw its objections to one of the phony "divestiture plans" by

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Oliphant, Denver Post

"Mr. Nader! What Are You Doing in There?"

promising to put plenty of deposits in Utah banks, promising to hire Utah people, and promising to let Utah officials have a say in the running of the dummy company chosen by El Paso to receive its old Pacific Northwest holdings.

When he learned the details of this effort to frustrate the Supreme Court, John Flynn, an attorney at the University of Utah Law School, went to the Supreme Court himself and blew the whistle on what was happening at the district court level out West. Flynn, like Bennett, is one of the real heroes of this history. If those two lawyers hadn't kept bitching and making a nuisance of themselves, El Paso would have probably won a long time ago.

Partly as a result of Flynn's goading, the Supreme Court threw the district court's divestiture program back in its face and told it to do a better job. That's what is supposedly taking place now, out in Denver.

To head off the solution that may evolve from the Denver court, Sen. Warren Magnuson of Washington and a dozen other Western Senators have introduced legislation that would exempt El Paso from the anti-monopoly statutes. El Paso sees a showdown coming and is pouring everything into the Congressional effort. It is marshaling its captive Western users: chambers of commerce, newspapers, local, county and state officials, school men—the volume of testimonials on behalf of this corporate lawbreaker is awesome.

It has, one way or another, brought around some of its old foes. Pat Brown, who fought the merger as California attorney general and governor, now (as a private attorney) shows up in Washington to testify on behalf of El Paso. Says Flynn:

> As I have watched the struggle from my "ivory tower," is has been a truly impressive show of political, media, and economic muscle. Editorials in leading newspapers in this region have appeared like clockwork, and my investigation indicates that the editorials appeared without any attempt by the writers to fully investigate all sides of the issue.
>
> Chambers of Commerce, like that in Los Angeles, and industrial promotion agencies, like "Pro Utah," have jumped up and down like puppets on a string at the appropriate moment. Even *The Wall Street Journal* carried an article about the case on its editorial page which read like a press release directly from El Paso's headquarters. Needless to say, the *Journal* has not published my letter to the editor objecting to several erroneous statements if not outright falsehoods made in the article.
>
> Public service commissions have all fallen in line. . . . It is all the product of intense and at times questionable lobbying by El Paso in conflict with the fundamental purpose of antitrust policy—the dispersal of economic concentration because of its danger to our political processes.

"Questionable lobbying" is a phrase that many would accept. Beverly C. Moore, Jr., of the Corporate Accountability Group, told Magnuson's Commerce Committee recently that he knew of a bank "where it is said that an official was approached by a representative of El Paso who offered to deposit $100,000 in that bank, interest free, a windfall to the bank of course, if that official would come out in favor of this bill."

(George Scott Cuming, vice president and general counsel of El Paso, demanded and got an immediate chance to rebut the charge. He called it an "absolute, unmitigated lie," and said the reason he knew it was a lie is that he knew all the El Paso executives and "they are fine, fine people who wouldn't offer bribes.")

Later the blanks were filled in by Jack Anderson who, in his syndicated column quoted Moore as saying that the El Paso tasty offer had been made to Utah's Democratic Chairman John Klas, vice president of Salt Lake City's Continental Bank and Trust.

Magnuson and other members of the Commerce Committee have begun to look into the charges of shady doings, but they seem to poking about with great reluctance.

When Bennett wired the committee a few weeks ago, asking for a chance to testify, and in the same wire urged them "to investigate lobbying activities of El Paso, past, present and future," he was fulsomely denounced by Magnuson and others. Be influenced by corporation gifts? Perish the thought! "If we weren't all in the Senate," said Magnuson, "we would get together and sue you for libel."

When Bennett suggested that maybe one reason Governor Reagan has been lobbying Congress for the El Paso exemption bill was that he had been generously treated by the pipeline company, Sen. John Tunney, teeth bared and flashing, said: "I just cannot imagine the Governor of California taking a contribution with a promise to support this legislation." The very suggestion, he said, was "one of the worst forms of demagoguery."

But Bennett is not easily intimidated. He appeared before the Commerce Committee and insisted that El Paso's past performance was so unethical that it bore watching. He cited examples:

> When I was a member of the California Public Utilities Commission representing California in this case, I was about to appeal what is known as the third El Paso case. I was called by Mr. Gregory Harrison, the attorney for El Paso Natural Gas Company, who asked me if I am about to appeal the case and I said, "I am thinking about it. Why?" He said, "Because if you do, we will have you removed from the case."
>
> Now, that was a novel thing and perhaps shocking

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in a way. I was a public official and here was an attorney from El Paso saying he would have me removed from the case. I filed the appeal promptly. It went in the United States mail. Thirty minutes later I received a telegram from Governor Brown removing me from the case.

In that same appeal, said Bennett, the state of Oregon joined him, "and El Paso personnel went to the public service commissioner of Oregon and told him, if you do not drop your appeal to the United States Supreme Court, you shall get no more gas for your industrial development on the other side of the Columbia. That is a matter of record."

None of it penetrated. Magnuson said he wasn't interested "in what happened in the past." Bennett, sometimes stunned by the coldness of his reception, suggested, "You should have a curiosity I would think as to why a governor changes a position, when a public official, bound to uphold the laws to a contrary position, favors a monopoly such as El Paso."

Sen. Daniel Inouye (D., Hawaii) attempted a put-down: "We have the curiosity, sir. That is why we asked you to testify."

Bennett: "I have given you three examples. If that does not perk up your curiosity, I do not know what else will."

Inouye: "We are still listening, sir."

But they are not listening. Barring a major scandal, the Commerce Committee will probably vote to exempt El Paso from monopoly laws. It is embarrassing. Senators who are solid and pro-public on most things are raving corporation lovers all of a sudden. And liberal Democrats who should be leading the way are instead being shamed by the Republican Administration. Richard McLaren, assistant attorney general for antitrust, must have enjoyed lecturing them about why the Magnuson bill is aimed solely at benefiting El Paso, not the consumers, who in fact have had to pay $151,262,810 in rate increases from El Paso since 1968—because of a noncompetitive situation.

To be sure, the Justice Department's piety in this case is hollow. It has fought El Paso, but very feebly. At a typical court hearing, says Flynn, the government has assigned one attorney while El Paso has assigned so many attorneys that they are "the equivalent of a medium-sized convention."

The Justice Department's true sympathies in the case are best revealed by the fact that McLaren is now helping the pro-industry Federal Power Commission write legislation which would guarantee that never again could a pipeline company be subjected to the public challenge that El Paso is enduring.

The proposed legislation would give the FPC original jurisdiction over mergers, and if its decision was not challenged within ninety days by the Justice Department, then the merger would thereafter be exempt for all time from challenges either by the government *or by the public*. If such a law had been in effect when El Paso bought Pacific Northwest, the merger would have gone through on the spot.

In the present climate of Congress, such a dangerous proposal is not incongruous. Legislation to facilitate the concentration of corporate power, legislation to exempt big business from paying the penalty for wrongdoing—it's becoming routine. Magnuson was hardly exaggerating when he pushed his bill with the argument, "The newspapers violated the antitrust law and we exempted them. This is common practice up here . . . we do this all the time." □

CATCHING UP WITH NATCHEZ

NICHOLAS C. CHRISS
Mr. Chriss is Houston bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times.

Houston

On a pleasant October day in 1965 several hundred black and white demonstrators marched in Natchez to protest their racial grievances against the segregationist Establishment of that old Mississippi River town. And on a pleasant October day just a few weeks ago, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, eighteen judges sitting *en banc* in Houston, decided it would take the case under consideration. As someone—probably a man in jail—once said, the wheels of justice move slowly. According to some civil rights lawyers, the Natchez case is probably the last of the big civil rights cases of the Movement era of the 1960s. It may be another six months or a year before the court issues a ruling.

For whatever consolation it may be the *en banc* court was the largest federal constitutional court ever assembled, according to Chief Judge John R. Brown. It consisted of fifteen judges active on the circuit and three senior judges who had heard some appeals in five cases, including the one about the Natchez demonstrators.

That case centers on more than 100 demonstrators, mostly blacks, who seek $2.7 million in damages from a number of Mississippi officials. They were jailed at the state penitentiary and given blood tests, laxatives, jammed into tiny cells with few or no sanitary facilities, and with fans blowing cold air on them, after most of them had been stripped.

Few people today can remember who the original plaintiffs are; fewer still know what has become of them. Most have become non-persons while the case wends its way through the legal process. But from the court briefs and testimony there can be little mistaking what happened to them after they were arrested, taken to Parchman and jailed.

The kind of treatment given the demonstrators was best summed up in the ruling issued by a three-man appeals

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court and written by Judge Irving L. Goldburg of Dallas:

> Our locale is Natchez, Miss., where the mood in the fall of AD 1965 was anything but irenic. Our story concerns the arrest and subsequent detention of participants in racial demonstrations, According to the undisputed facts those arrested were subjected to subhuman treatment which beggars justification and taxes credulity. Finding ourselves unable to sustain the verdict of the jury below, we reverse and render judgment as to the liability of the defendants and remand for the assessment of damages due to the plaintiffs.

At issue is whether Mississippi officials inflicted cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment. The officials contend that they are immune from prosecution under state statutes. They may seek to be tried separately. The case could go to the U.S. Supreme Court. Some of the plaintiffs may never have any redress. Their subhuman treatment at Parchman got no national attention, yet it belonged to the heyday of such segregationist tactics as cow prods, police dogs, Jim Clark's posse and the Ku Klux Klan.

The demonstrators were arrested, denied opportunity to make bond in most cases, bussed 200 miles to the prison in the middle of the night. Even some of the Natchez officials wanted nothing to do with what then happened, but the chief defendants turned out to be certain policemen and the prison superintendent at the time, C. E. Breazeale. Others are Natchez police chief J. T. Robinson and Fire Chief A. E. Cameron.

The demonstrators were never brought before a judicial officer. The city ordinance under which they were arrested later was declared unconstitutional. No provisions were made for the juveniles arrested. At the prison, adults and minors were placed in a maximum security section. They were stripped naked, except for the women who were allowed to keep some clothing. All were forced to take a laxative (two ounces of milk of magnesia), and many were given blood tests against their will.

Breazeale has said the use of the laxative was routine, and that the prison doctor recommended blood tests since there were some "potential" carriers of venereal disease. One of the prisoners was an 18-year-old pregnant girl who, the doctor advised, might lose her child under the stress of the severe conditions. Another was a 50-year-old man "completely disoriented as to time and place," and two unidentified persons who also "cracked up," according to the court record.

Lawyers who defended the use of the laxatives and blood tests said they were routine, as was the imprisonment at Parchman; but a judge asked what was routine about persons *accused of a misdemeanor* being jailed in the state penitentiary's maximum security area.

The legal action began with the arrest of 250 demonstrators. It came to jury trial in Greenville in June 1969. By then about 185 demonstrators were still involved. The jury ruled against the plaintiff demonstrators. They appealed. In February 1971, a three-man federal appeals court overturned the jury decision and held the Mississippi officials responsible for the damages (as described in Goldburg's writing). The case then went to the *en banc* court here.

There is no telling what might happen today if prison officials, in Mississippi or elsewhere, were to repeat that kind of treatment to more than 100 blacks brought into custody. A number of them were "kicked, pushed and abused" by Mississippi highway patrolmen and penitentiary guards. After being given the laxative, they were placed eight to a small cell. There was only cold water, and no soap. Some of the faucets were broken. Many of the toilets did not function. Each prisoner was given two or three sheets of toilet paper. There were no mattresses on the cots, and no blankets. Some of the prisoners spent two and a half days in these conditions before they were released.

Their case was, and still is, being handled by the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, in Jackson. The plaintiffs were Katie Ruth Anderson, et al., and Jim Bradley, et al. Asked what had become of them, one lawyer replied: "I don't know. I haven't seen them for years."

Some of them, last seen when they were released from Parchman, are undoubtedly still in Natchez. As one of the lawyers noted in a brief: That was a "pleasant fall day unless one was nude or wearing only underwear." □

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

A BIG STEP BACKWARD

CAROL MATHEWS
Carol Mathews is a reporter on the New York Post, *specializing in financial and economic news.*

The securities industry faces new federal legislation, probably by the end of 1972 or early 1973. The direction this new legislation will take is not yet evident, but whatever is produced will likely govern the industry for the next forty years, as the Securities and Exchange Acts of 1933 and 1934 have governed it for the past forty years.

It is also probable that the industry's wishes will provide the basis for any new legislation (that, alas, is true of almost any federal legislation that governs business), even though Congress and the SEC have held and will continue to hold extensive hearings into the industry's problems and failures. So far, the only organized presentation of the industry's view is the Martin Report, prepared at the request of the New York Stock Exchange by William McChesney Martin, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and ex-president of the New York Stock Exchange.

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This 26-page report was met with hoots of laughter and private expressions of disbelief in the securities industry. Some people have called its reactionary recommendations as nostalgic as the current Broadway revival of *No, No, Nanette*. However, this criticism is not organized, and since everyone in the securities business is trying to carve out a niche for his own profitable enterprise, few take notice of the appalling lack of concern the report shows for the public which provides the cash that keeps the securities business going.

As many as one in seven Americans is believed to have an interest in the stock market, either through direct investment or through institutions acting on his behalf, such as pension funds, mutual funds, insurance companies and banks. Every year, billions of dollars from hundreds of thousands of Americans are channeled to corporations in need of cash to build new plants, equipment and products. Its role as agent for both the public and corporations in this shifting of large sums of money has earned the securities industry the title of "cornerstone of our free enterprise system."

Close to 80 per cent of trading in the stock of the country's largest companies is conducted on the New York Stock Exchange. Not only does the Martin Report seek to solidify this monopoly position; it also provides an outline on how to expand that exchange's control and to protect it from ever again being questioned by the government's antitrust agencies.

Nevertheless, while sniping will continue in the securities industry, unless there is some coordination in the attacks, the Martin Report will probably be accepted as the blueprint for change.

The central recommendation of the report is a national stock exchange system, which in practice would probably mean giving the New York Stock Exchange a 100 per cent monopoly over the country's stock trading, since the Martin Report notes that it always has "all of the characteristics prescribed above for the proposed national exchange system." That is a truly frightening recommendation. There is a great deal of evidence, compiled in large part by Attorney General Lefkowitz's office in New York, that members of this exchange have committed criminal acts in alarming numbers, using customer securities and money as if it were their own. Such practices, of course, violate the rules of the exchange as well as the laws of the state, but it defies all logic to suppose that self-policing, such as has existed in the securities business since the 1933 Act—and exists in no other business in the country—will work better in the future than it has in the past.

So far, none of the hearings in Congress or the SEC have dealt with the possibility of eliminating self-policing. The industry says that the SEC is the government branch overseeing the business. However, the industry well knows that the SEC generally sees only the figures and statistics that the industry's so-called self-policing arms show it. (These are the New York Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange, the other stock exchanges around the country and the National Association of Securities Dealers.) The SEC does not have a large enough budget to collect the information at first hand.

The Martin Report spends only three paragraphs on the problem of fraudulent financial reporting by the brokerage industry, and these three paragraphs call only for "improved regulations and vigorous enforcement" in the segregation of customer securities—i.e., in preventing brokerage firms from using customer money and stock for their own purposes. That is an obvious suggestion, since it is illegal to use customer money, but enforcement, since it is still to be a self-policing operation, would not improve under the new Martin Report proposals. No firm turns in a competitor for violation of rules, since the assumption is that some time in the future it too may be breaking the law. This forms the basis for the much discussed "private club" atmosphere of the New York Stock Exchange that the new recommendations do nothing to change.

In addition to a single, nationwide exchange system, the Martin plan calls for relief from government intervention. Once the New York Stock Exchange has been reorganized to handle all the trading in almost every stock in the United States, the Martin Report says, "the plan herein proposed will properly reflect the Exchange's quasi-public nature and qualify it for exemption from the antitrust laws." Further, it recommends that "the New York Stock Exchange ask the Congress to enact legislation granting all registered national securities exchanges certain immunity under the antitrust laws." Since under the plan there is to be only one exchange, this is a request that Congress prevent the federal government from exercising effective supervision of pricing, trading, exchange of stock, etc.

The Martin Report does make a concession to public concern. It recommends that the twenty-man board of directors of the new national exchange system include ten representatives of the public. (At present, only three of the thirty-three members of New York Stock Exchange's governing board are called public representatives.) However, Martin's public is not the public that ordinarily comes to mind. To most people, a public representative would be someone like Ralph Nader, Abe Pomerantz, Bess Meyerson or Virginia Knauer. Mr. Martin's public are members of the American Bankers Association, heads

STAMPS, PLEASE

The masthead of *The Nation*, as of most publications, carries an admonition that the editors will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, unless these are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

But—as with most publications, no doubt—the warning has been ignored more often than not, and we, ignoring it ourselves, have gone on returning manuscripts at our own expense.

Now the sharp increase in postal rates compels us to repeat and emphasize the admonition: *Unsolicited manuscripts will NOT—repeat NOT—be returned unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.*

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of corporations, the Investment Company Institute (trade organization for the managers of mutual funds) and other sympathetic-to-the-industry types.

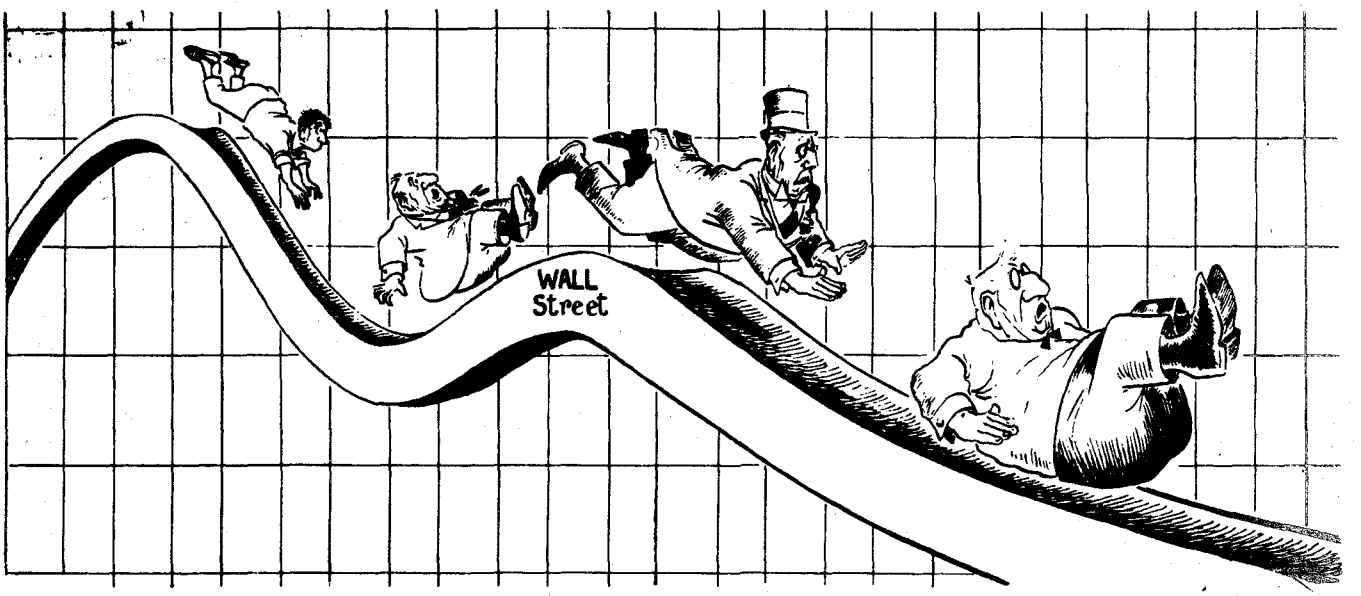
The first time these "public" representatives are elected, they must be O.K.'d by the members of the national exchange system. Thereafter, public members will elect their own replacements. It is difficult to imagine the head of a corporation pushing the election of Ralph Nader. The investing public, from which the capital comes, will continue to have no effective voice in the running of the proposed institution, which by then will be operating free of any fear of government action under the antitrust laws.

The only direct reference in the report to the public at large—other than an exposition on its stake in the free enterprise system—is in the matter of how much they will have to pay to have their stock traded. Brokers' commissions are a sore subject in the securities business right now; the introduction of lower trading costs for large institutional traders has come only after years of pressure. For the small investor, however, the argument never really began. For some time now, he has been forced to pay a $15 surcharge on any trade, an impost that carries the blessing of the SEC and has had the effect of keeping many firms from going broke while it discourages the public from investing.

It is probable that costs for the small investor will rise still higher in the future, a prospect that causes Martin to remark sternly: "For the millions of individual investors, there will be no negotiation. Brokers will determine their own rates, and the individual investor will either pay them or will not trade." That is hardly a ringing plea to Americans to own their share of American business, which for many years has been the rallying cry of the New York Stock Exchange.

If some in the securities industry dismiss the Martin Report as reactionary and designed to move the business in precisely the wrong direction, they misjudge its importance. It is the only set of recommendations that enjoys the backing of most of the industry establishment. It has encountered no organized protest from either the industry or the public. It is being implemented at a fast pace by the New York Stock Exchange, since it offers the members a chance to expand their control of the entire securities business. And it comes at a time when there is no significant public interest in the stock market.

Since the market drop of 1969-70, individual investors have been retreating from direct ownership of stock. In fact, the extent to which the New York Stock Exchange has escaped any kind of public criticism can be seen from the fact that Cornelius Owens was named by the exchange to head a committee formed to implement the reorganization of the New York Stock Exchange along the lines recommended by the Martin Report. This is the same Cornelius Owens who was president of the New York Telephone Company a few years ago when it could not provide New York City with adequate phone service. He was serving then—as now—as a "public" governor of the New York Stock Exchange. While the American Telephone & Telegraph Company felt that public criticism required it to remove Owens from his spot at the head of its New York subsidiary, the New York Stock Exchange has not only kept him as a representative of the public's point of view but has given him the opportunity to oversee the expected change in the workings of the exchange itself.



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Critics of the Martin Report hope to keep the SEC hearings open long enough to give the opposition time to solidify and build support, because if the SEC puts its imprimatur on the report—it is known that SEC Chairman William Casey favors it—the chance of open discussion becomes much less. But the New York Stock Exchange's steamroller tactics could well establish the Martin proposals as the model upon which legislation is based—if not to create a nationwide stock exchange system, at least legally to prevent the public from exercising its right in the operation of what the Martin Report so glibly calls a "quasi-public" institution. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Conquest of Music

THE CLASSICAL STYLE: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. *By Charles Rosen. The Viking Press. 467 pp. $12.50.*

ROBERT LILIENFELD
Mr. Lilienfeld, who lectures on sociology at the City College of the City University of New York, is a pianist and composer who has written several books on music.

The "classical" era of music (very approximately, the fifty-year period that ended with the death of Beethoven in 1827) has long been thought to exhibit what may be the most impressive, beloved, and sustained series of creative triumphs in the history of music—the masterpieces achieved by the Viennese classicists, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. The creative vitality of this era carried over into the artists of the romantic period—Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Dvorak, among others—who to some extent were able to operate along similar lines, producing works that bore a family resemblance to their classical ancestors.

The generations following the classicists were often so dazzled by their achievements as to lose historical perspective, and to dismiss music before the classical era (Bach and Handel, to be sure, excepted) as trivial, crude and uninteresting. Modern musicology has corrected this error, but even a generation ago books were not rare which regarded musical history as beginning with Bach. Today we know that the accomplishments of earlier eras are of no lesser value: Renaissance music especially, from Dunstable to Lassus, including the towering majesty of Josquin des Prés, is a treasure house of comparable greatness, but one which is less close to us not only in time but in terms of the familiarity of its musical idiom.

But there is more to the classicists than just a large number of masterpieces. The works of Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven are strangely interrelated, and form a unity, constituting a unique high point in music—and perhaps beyond music, for all the arts. It remains an achievement which we admire but do not fully comprehend. Music theorists remain split into separate analytic schools, each emphasizing a specific approach to the riddle of the classical style. Each has achieved valid insights, but in its advocacy of a specific approach, each ignores or leaves much unexplained.

The latest to confront the Sphinx is Charles Rosen, an accomplished pianist, a man extremely knowledgeable in the history of music, the bearer of a doctorate in French literature, and a capable writer. He is not in bondage to any particular methodological approach, but uses them all. He especially acknowledges his indebtedness to Heinrich Schenker's method of analysis, which is hard to describe in nonmusical terms, but which may be thought of as a tracing of a long-range linear skeleton behind the "façade" of a composition. Formidably armed, Mr. Rosen brings his equipment to bear on the classical style.

His discussion proceeds in seven steps, corresponding roughly to the major divisions of the book. First he describes the triadic basis of 18th-century music, then demolishes the post-classical theories of the nature of classical forms, and discusses the origins of the classical style in the remnants of the baroque and the courtly styles that preceded it. He indicates that the classical forms represent the unprecedented extension of dramatic gestures across larger and larger structures, which are held together by an artfully hidden principle of coherence. On the surface are found striking themes, sharp changes in texture, or in rhythm or in dynamics, unexpected interruptions—all serving the total and concealed unity of the piece. Along with this new style went a simplification of surface details, which in earlier styles had been ornate and elaborated.

The first 100 pages of the book are devoted to these preliminaries. Once they are out of the way, Rosen describes in close detail the major musical genres as developed by the great triumvirate. First there is Haydn's transformation of the string quartet into perhaps the noblest musical idiom, and of the symphony into its more monumental counterpart, greater in scale, requiring broader strokes, a more "public" character. What Haydn does not conquer, Mozart does: in his hands the concerto, the string quintet, and the comic opera develop into breathtaking achievements, in contrast with the relatively trivial entertainment pieces of the rococo. Rosen indicates one further triumph of the classical style, as well as two failures. The triumph is that of the successful creation of a popular style. Haydn and Mozart are often accused of using folk tunes in their works. Not so. It is the unity of high art and popular art—since lost to us—which has misled researchers into thinking that so many of Mozart's and Haydn's melodies must be folk tunes, if only they could be tracked down. The failures of the classical style are two: church music and tragic opera. None of the classicists achieved a true liturgical style, although they composed much great religious music; their performance is always a concert, and never a liturgical event. As for tragic opera, Mozart at his height labored heroically over *Idomeneo*, which though it contains magnificent music, is not a successful stage piece.

Rosen then resumes tracing the development of the style with Haydn after the death of Mozart, especially in Haydn's brilliant and neglected piano trios, and in his masses and oratorios. This long discussion of Haydn and Mozart occupies the large central portion of the book, almost 300 pages.

Approximately the last 80 pages are devoted to Beethoven. Rosen rightly remarks that Beethoven's early style was closer to the styles of Weber, Hummel and Clementi than to those of Haydn and Mozart; it was only later in his career, as he moved closer to the incipient romantic style, that he turned back to Haydn and Mozart, and borrowed much from them. Rosen's discussion of Beethoven says many good things but is rather sketchy; in fact he discusses in detail only one work of Beethoven, the *Hammerklavier* sonata, which he appears to regard not only as a milestone for the composer but as his central work; once it was achieved, Beethoven was able to move into the great works of his last period. The significance of the *Hammerklavier*, Rosen says, is the unprecedented extent to which Beethoven was able to generate a gigantic structure from a minute tonal and intervallic kernel, a procedure which Haydn had made significant.

The book is an impressive performance but not without its difficulties. For one thing, it promises much more than it delivers. Or perhaps I should say that it delivers a good deal but not at all what it promises. We are told in the beginning that at last the classical style will be explored and clarified; then we are taken on a guided tour of the classical museum, and many of its beauties are

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pointed out along the way. But we do lose the forest for the trees—so many works are described in great detail, and the details are very well observed. On this level Rosen is a most enjoyable guide. But a vast amount of descriptive minutiae does not add up to a clarification of the nature and limits of the classical style. Aside from his astute analyses of individual works, we are not given much that has not been said before by Tovey and others.

Much of the book suffers in terms of readability because long, long stretches consist of verbal descriptions of musical pieces. Rosen's descriptions are alert, sensitive and accurate (though not always complete), but several hundred pages of them are wearying. Then, one feels that Rosen's justified delight in many classical works has betrayed him into repeating this sort of "analysis" many times over, when a few done in greater depth might have brought him much closer to clarifying the original problem, that of understanding better the nature of the classical style.

But the difficulties do not end here. The book is actually written on two levels of rhetoric. The first is deeply immersed in the technicalities of music, and presupposes considerable fluency in reading music, and considerable knowledge of its jargon. This, though unavoidable, necessarily limits the readership of the book, or at least of major parts of it. But interspersed with the musical examples and their prose translations is another rhetoric, which is not technical but aesthetic in character. Here are to be found brilliant observations on particular works, and on the aesthetics of such genres as the concerto, the string quartet, the opera, and so on. But even on this level the language is not satisfactory. Rosen tends to be abstract, elusive and allusive. Thus:

> Throughout his life, Beethoven increasingly relied directly upon the fundamental tonal relationships for material. His continuous attempt to strip away, at some point in each large work, all decorative and even expressive elements from the musical material—so that part of the structure of tonality is made to appear for a moment naked and immediate, and its presence in the rest of the work as a dynamic and temporal force suddenly becomes radiant—this ever greater use of the simplest blocks and elements of the tonal language gives his development, seen as a whole, an undeniable consistency.

Or:

> This mastery of time was dependent on a comprehension of the nature of musical action, or, rather, musical actions. A musical event takes place on different levels; the fastest *perpetuum mobile* can appear immobile, and a long silence can be heard *prestissimo*. Beethoven never miscalculated the intensity of his musical actions, and the technique carried so far by Haydn and Mozart of endowing the proportions themselves with a weight both expressive and structural reaches the height of its development in Beethoven. The dissolution of classical articulation made its revival impossible.

These are statements which cry out for illustration or at least demonstration of a kind that never appears in the book itself. They are undoubtedly true, but they are not theoretical statements drawn from the analyses that have been made. Throughout the book the reader longs for concrete, low-level, simple-minded discussions of classical works from which some useful conclusions about the classical style might be drawn in specific terms: What were the distinguishing features of classical melody? Rhythm? Phrase structure? How do they contrast with their romantic or baroque counterparts? But the author is determinedly elusive. At times he seems to feel that there is no such thing as the classical style, only rather a number of masterpieces whose creators posed musical or aesthetic problems, and developed brilliant but highly individual solutions from which no generalizations can be drawn. If that is the case, there is no point in referring to a classical style, or in devoting an ambitious treatise to it.

Rosen's discussion of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* is bound to arouse suspicion. Since this is the only work of Beethoven that he discusses in a really detailed manner, he is necessarily placing it stage center, in the spotlight:

> The content—the subject-matter—of the *Hammerklavier* is the nature of the contemporary musical language. The work of art which is literally about its own technique is almost too familiar by now: the poem about poetry itself (like most of those by Mallarmé), the film in which the principal subject-matter is cinematic technique and the cross-reference to other films, the painting which actually attempts to depict the process of projecting space upon a flat surface or which refers, not outside itself, but directly to the medium of paint. This paradoxical interchange of form and content is a normal process of any art, which naturally tends to displace the weight of significance away from that which is signified towards the sign. But music, where denotation is at once precise and totally unspecific, presents a special problem. If we omit the occasional imitative effects . . . and the direct conventions of pathos, we can deny neither that music has significance nor that it signifies most clearly and most often itself.

This is all very well, but it appears to make Beethoven a member of the modern intelligentsia, whose works are a commentary upon procedures for producing work. Rosen here is in danger of equating procedures with the results they aim at. This, to be sure, is a hallmark of 20th-century art and of other stagnant periods. The malaise of the cur-

'ISADORA DUNCAN AT THE PARTHENON'
—photograph by Edward Steichen

(For my sister)

First glance it's all Parthenon and soars, soars up
the deep, deep corridor,
standing right the mighty wall and left
its soaring Doric dolmens, O just the heft
of them! Sunlight barely spills to the floor
where this latter-day dancer, a doorstep

bundle, all Isadora whirls her gray hem.
It would not be my *way*
here, not I in her odd swaddled clothes
and nevertheless Terpsichorean pose
—as my sister's is not mine, whose ballet,
that is, moving erasure of mayhem

is all her long fine hands' doing, like swans more
than swans though she have on
a boyfriend's old khakis and blowy
straw flowers through her pierced ears and withal Chloe
is her self-chosen name; the Parthenon
being these lights within her upon her.

Ellen Kirvin Dudis

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rent era of music has everything to do with the loss of a viable musical language and the consequent collapse into endless experimentation, and into the merely conscious manipulation and intensification of musical details. The *Hammerklavier* is not an essay in methodology for methodology's sake; it works with a viable language based on tonality. Without these foundations, music loses its connection with those mysterious psychological-spiritual-cultural currents which animated the classicists, as they did the artists of other eras. Works which are commentaries on themselves, in Rosen's sense, are the exercises of talented artists who have lost touch with those currents, and have retreated to the level of pure technique. But that's an entirely different predicament.

Thus Rosen's book is genuinely valuable for its details, for its incidental insights, but it represents no progress over work that has been done in the past. It does, however, represent something new—a serious attempt to import into music the categories and the rhetoric of literary and art criticism, which are vastly more developed than is music criticism. The abstraction, elegance and modishness of the language of *The Classical Style* suggests its affinity with literary criticism, which has produced a vast body of commentaries on art works, and commentaries upon commentaries, eclipsing the pretensions of the literary originals that occasioned their production. Music criticism, on the other hand, is an underdeveloped country in which works of art still deplorably outnumber works of explanation and commentary, this despite the heroic but mechanical efforts of musicology to fill the gap. Rosen's effort is a serious one. Nevertheless, it is compromised by its failure to resolve its rhetorical or aesthetic problems, sometimes speaking a technical language, sometimes "high-literary" in tone, metaphorical, allusive, careful to touch all bases of current opinion. In this regard the book is symptomatic as an attempt to create a new rhetoric for a new musical intelligentsia. The other arts fell to the intelligentsia long ago. Music, thanks to its abstract character, has held out, at least until recently, but now appears ripe for conquest. It is not a matter for rejoicing. □

The Eternal Pariah

GAUGUIN'S ASTONISHING GRANDMOTHER: A Biography of Flora Tristan. *By Charles Neilson Gattey. Femina Books (London). $5.40.*

BETTY ROSZAK
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Social outcasts sometimes enjoy paradoxical advantages. They have forced upon them a detached view of the very world that excludes them. If rage has not blurred their vision, the failure, the outlaw, the female, the poor, the ugly or deformed are in a position to see society's ills and injustices with clear eyes, to observe disinterestedly. Flora Tristan, who called herself a pariah, was a seer of that kind. Impoverished by her father's death, a runaway from a brutal and jealous husband, a woman without masculine protection, she found the strength that comes of facing adversity. And with that strength she fought for social justice in the early 19th-century France that made her a pariah.

It is ironic that the first full-length biography of Flora Tristan in English should emphasize her exclusion even in its title. Though rescued from oblivion by Charles Neilson Gattey, this ardent feminist is still defined by her blood relationship with Gauguin, whose name is supposed to lend her the authority she lacks as a woman. The message of the title: Flora Tristan's greatest accomplishment was to contribute to the genetic resources of a great man!

To be fair to him, though Gauguin never knew his grandmother, he was justly proud of her. The adventure and passion of her life could in themselves make a romantic novel. A beautiful, intense young girl, made penniless by the death of her Peruvian father, is driven into an unhappy French marriage and runs away to England to make her living as governess and paid companion. She decides on a journey to Peru to claim her inheritance and while there becomes involved in revolutionary politics. When she returns to France her jealous husband refuses her the custody of her two children and in a fit of rage tries to murder her. There follows a notorious trial, after which our heroine becomes a literary figure associated with bohemian groups and mystical utopian schemes. She dies of typhoid fever while campaigning among the workers to promote an international trade union of all the proletariat. What could not a Balzac or a Hugo have done with such material? But Charles Gattey is not inspired, and his biography does not rise to the height of its subject.

Moreover, Mr. Gattey neglects the more complex fabric of Flora Tristan's life and the background and history of the ideas she worked hard to promulgate. His book is neither popular romantic biography nor authoritative intellectual history. Nevertheless, it is valuable because Gattey draws so heavily on the writings of Flora Tristan herself —especially her Peruvian and London journals, published respectively as *Pérégrinations d'une paria* (1838) and *Promenades dans Londres* (1840). These seem to be remarkable documents of self-revelation and reporting, and to deserve translation in full.

Gattey devotes no less than eight chapters to excerpts from *Promenades dans Londres*, a journalistic tour de force describing the English social scene. Determined to visit the Houses of Parliament at a time when women were excluded, Flora Tristan disguised herself as a young Turk in order to enter "the sanctuary of male right." Not overawed by her surroundings or impressed in the least by the speechmaking of the M.P.s, she found Parliament "certainly much quieter than . . . our Chamber of Deputies, as the majority of members were either asleep or reading their newspapers." She concludes, "I left the two Chambers hardly edified by what I had witnessed, and certainly more scandalised by the behaviour of the M.P.s than they had been by my costume." She also visited English prisons, brothels, madhouses, factory towns, and the Jewish and Irish ghettos of London in a sociological tour which rivals the later surveys of Henry Mayhew and Charles Booth. Not surprisingly, the book proved very popular in France and went into several editions. The dedication prefixed to the second edition is characteristic of Mme. Tristan's strong reformist attitudes: "Workers, it is to you of both sexes that I dedicate my book; it is to make you aware of your position in modern society that I have written it." Strangely significant that there has been no translation of this book into English and that only very recently has the British Museum acquired copies of the French edition.

Besides her sociological reporting Flora Tristan produced an extraordinary novel, *Méphis*, exposing the slave status of women in French society, pamphlets condemning slavery and capital punishment, a plea for a workers' international union antedating Marx by four years, and a posthumous work on the emancipation of women completed from her notes by her friend (and perhaps lover) the ex-Abbé Constant, also known as Eliphas Lévi, the historian of magic and

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the occult. Of these, Gattey deals only with her agitation for the international union, and that not at all satisfactorily. He does mention that Flora Tristan met Robert Owen in 1837 and admired his accomplishments, but he declines to go into detail about their meeting or its possible influence upon her. He emphasizes instead the debilitating lecture tour she undertook among the workers of France.

But it is her last, posthumous book, subtitled *The Testament of a Pariah*, which cries out for fuller discussion than the few pages Gattey gives here. Ignoring the mystical aspect of her thinking, he discounts her connection with Ganneau, the sculptor who helped found Evadism, a religion based on an androgynous deity with a messiah known as Mapah. In the first two syllables of both names the utopian mystics sought to express the androgynous principle: Eve/Adam—Mater/Pater. Flora Tristan's system also proclaims the androgyneity of God, with the previously despised female element not merely equal to the masculine (according to the doctrine of Ganneau, Enfantin and Constant) but raised above it. Mme. Tristan conceived the active, creative principle as female, the faculty of generation being represented in her scheme by the embryo. Her personal seal bore a triangle whose sides were Mother, Father and Embryo, and whose center was God. She did not merely advocate commonly proposed reforms such as divorce (at that time illegal in France), equality of education for women and equal pay for equal work; her last thoughts implied a wider philosophical vision of the significance of the female in society. It is unfortunate that Gattey steers clear of these obviously inflammatory doctrines and restricts his analysis of what must be considered her most challenging book to a few paragraphs.

Flora Tristan deserves more serious attention. Now that women's liberation groups have revived the questions she raised, it is time for her to take her place among the heroines of the movement. What is required is translation and reinterpretation of the work of this fascinating personality. We have reached the point in our spiritual and cultural evolution where the pariah should be restored to a world she can help to illuminate. □

'The Poor Wake Up Quickly'

THE NIGHT MIRROR. *By John Hollander. Atheneum Publishers. 81 pp. Paper $3.95.*

THE TYPEWRITER REVOLUTION. *By D. J. Enright. The Library Press. 140 pp. $5.95.*

DAVID BROMWICH
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Rhetoric is the toll that poetry exacts from a poet when once the battle of idiom is won. Here we have two gifted comic poets (though Enright tends rather toward the gentle-satirical), each writing in a vein so steady that the individual poems sometimes turn into flourishes: "mere rhetoric" in our modern, and pejorative, sense of the word. Yet this means only that some of their poems move us less than others because, in each case, the poet can be effective without being affecting. The private idiom being found, poets learn to write merely competent poems in their own style, which becomes their rhetoric. It makes little sense to *accuse* a poet of indulging in rhetoric, since that evolution is very nearly inevitable. Critics of Hollander in particular need to be reminded of that point.

The poems collected in *The Night Mirror* show a remarkably full range and control, indicating that Hollander can no longer be thought of as a "developing" poet. Yet it does not seem to me very hard to choose among the riches. Though every one of his voices sounds competent, he is least attractive when he gives way to a slightly bloated lyricism:

> *In the west*
> *Across the park, the lights wink on*
> *In windows that suddenly pierce*
> *Cut-out forms throbbing in and out*
> *Of vision against a curtain*
> *Of ruined sunset.*

Look at those throbbing forms, that ruined sunset: overripe special effects which assure the consumer that this is Real Poetry. Another weakness, just at the other extreme, is the "academic" sensibility that shows through some of these poems. Thus "Damoetas"—Hollander's elegy for Andrew Chiappe—carries "Lycidas" tied to its tail like a pom-pom, and though not very much of the Miltonic machinery has been preserved, what there is of it seems merely intrusive. For better or for worse, Hollander has inherited the modern consciousness; his thoughts are not the same as Milton's; and so the form of his poem only inhibits his speaking. Even in Milton's day the pastoral elegy had to be written through a leap of faith, but the shaded lawns and swans and youthful fields of Hollander's poem remind one of how utterly things have changed since then, for the representative elegiac moment of our own age would probably come from Lowell's "Alfred Corning Clark": "I feel the pain./You were alive. You are dead."

The best poems in this book begin with frankly comic materials, and then move outward toward a deeper and not at all comical intensity. Here, for example, with a touch of Auden about it, is the beginning of "Ad Musam":

> *O my Dear,*
> *I have been getting it all*
> *Wrong about us for so*
> *Many a year;*
>
> *I have presented you*
> *With all that I thought I had*
> *To give: small boxes; my water*
> *Colors of blue*
>
> *Ocean; some truer*
> *Photographs of pitch darkness*
> *I let expose through the night;*
> *Blue beads, and bluer*
>
> *Papery flowers*
> *I bought in a bad boutique*
> *On a somewhat dangerous street*
> *Long after hours. . . .*

The poem grows into its force, ending superbly with the poet-in-his-world surrounded by falling snowflakes, "as if inside/The cold of the whole dark globe, the/Fire of nine/Fictions were flinging/Light; as if frozen* sparks/Leap downward as they surround me,/Dancing and singing." Similarly "Under Cancer" runs through the ordinary details of getting a sunburn, meanwhile insinuating quite a different sort of blackening. An active wit is exercised over the lengthening of shadows, the burning of skin, and the passing of time, the last cunningly brought into view by a repetition of "while." Again, the poem earns its own significance, and becomes a good deal more than the cleverly extended conceit with which it began.

Some of these poems have a mellowness altogether new for Hollander, and lovely to behold: his rendering of "I Am" from the Yiddish of Mani Leib will have at least one constant reader, and indeed, I do not see how anyone could resist this grand self-portrait of the "Purple Patchmaker, Poet and Heel." The set-pieces of this collection are "Under Cancer," "I Am," and "Ad Musam," but any list of poems not so finely achieved yet very good in their way would have to include the rest of the Yiddish translations, "Letter to Jorge Borges," the parody of Kenneth Koch entitled "Poem of Pooballs," "Sunday A.M. Not

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in Manhattan," "Adam's Task" and "The Long and Short of It." Hollander is now a presence as distinct as any in American poetry, and his lines are always recognizable on the page. The verse pushes forward but holds something in reserve, balancing against an enjambment which achieves poetic tension without forgetting the virtues of good prose.

Enright, too, judging from his practice, expects poetry to have at least the virtues of good prose. His personal idiom seems to have been available to him from the beginning:

At home the sea would smile and smile, while near the shore
The suave shark rolled, like some notorious pasha:
We flocked to the sea's edge like a monarch's welcome
Warmed our hearts with curses, our bellies with the meat of argument
Until they sank together, monstrous sun and monstrous fish.

The passage comes from "An Egyptian in Birmingham," one of the earlier poems in a selection cutting across twenty years of work. The early work shows a certain richness of imagery, never out of control, which disappears without a trace sometime later on; there is a heavy, rolling iambic meter employed in some of the Egyptian poems, quite splendid in its way, but this also gets abandoned. So anyone who reads this volume from the beginning will discover a gradual reduction of poetry down to its last possible plainness. Yet the speaking voice stays always the same:

In no country
Are the public lavatories more immaculately kept.
As neat as new pins, smelling of pine forests,
With a roar like distant Wagner
Your sins are washed away.
("No Offense")

Aside from Egypt and Germany, the places observed include Japan, Singapore and other parts of Asia: Enright has got around, and of course his *Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor* make an entertaining supplement to the poems, the message being constant whether conveyed in prose or verse.

The message—one hesitates to call it that. There is the danger of appearing to read the poetry itself only for the prose. Anyhow let us do our best, and classify Enright as a humanitarian disaffected with the professional humanists, because he knows that their real sympathies are often commercial; an honest citizen of the world disaffected with all governments, because he knows that their lies are all the same; and a man who would hate being classified, because he knows that this is a trick thought up by reviewers eager to construct parallel clauses. In short a cold-eyed soul.

Opinion is informed these days. No one's readily
Excited. There have been so many heroes.
Sensibility alters from generation to generation, and
The general feeling is that people who get into trouble
Are troublesome. And the ones who fail to recover are
Born suicides.
("After the Gods, After the Heroes")

Enright might be modestly content to call a good many of his poems simply "observations," and so they are, and very good ones too. The plainness of form leads into a peculiarly stringent mode of vision, so that the most important notes are those struck most quietly. The sharp focus happens as though without effort: rhyme (when it is there at all) occurs only as an afterthought, and there is never any worry about making things "dramatic."

"The Poor Wake Up Quickly" is the title of one observation, and works well as a tag for a distinct group of Enright's poems. What we see is the speaker being carried around inside a trishaw, his driver peddling "Slapbang into the swarming night,/Neon skidding off his cheekbones," until the vehicle stops and the passenger wonders

How do I star in that opium dream?
A hulking red-faced ruffian
Who beats him on his bony back,
Cursing in the tongue of demons.
But when we're there
He grumbles mildly over his wage,
Like a sober man,
A man who has had no recent visions.
The poor wake up quickly.

Broadly speaking, the poems in this group are about the sufferings of the poor under imperial rule, or under national rule which inherits the worst traits of imperialism. (Where Enright is concerned "rule" means also "culture" in the bad sense, and "suffering under culture" would be just as apt.) "The Fight Against Illiteracy" succeeds perhaps too well at its chosen task, setting the Starving Peasant against Western Callousness, and then carrying the point right down to its inevitably dreary Brechtian finish—"As the pain in the neck descends to the belly, where lessons begin." More moving, on the whole, are the poems which refuse to turn abstract: "The Poor Wake Up Quickly" and "In the Catalogue" are examples, though another good one, "Map," has for some reason been omitted from this selection.

Hollander had to wrest his own style away from the influence of Auden, and the struggle can be traced through his previous books. About Enright, on the other hand, one often feels like asking—did he come out of nowhere? What lies behind what I am hearing? Gravesian urbanity? Empsonian dryness? No doubt something of both of these, but in the sense of property held in common rather than borrowed. If I were describing Enright in a novel, I would probably call his wit "mordant," even though that too sounds a little restrictive. What one likes at any rate is both the work and the man back of it. "Nothing human," says Enright, winningly, "is alien to me./ Except knives, and maybe the speeches/ Of politicians in flower." *The Typewriter Revolution* is the first American edition of this poet—and he is not, by the way, "typically" British. He seems utterly happy—comfortable, and blessed—in his individuality. □

Baltimore Homecoming

GWINN OWENS
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There was an eerie quality about the opening of Dan Berrigan's play, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, in Baltimore, the city where the real trial took place. Three members of the "nine" were in the audience, seeing the play for the first time (they were still in prison when it opened in New York). The chief prosecutor was there, as were numerous people who had attended the actual trial. The opening itself was a drama, enhanced with new antagonists—two Maryland legislators who had just accused Center Stage, the play's Baltimore producers, of "subsidizing treason." They announced their intention to seek a reduction of Center Stage's annual grant from the state of Maryland from the current $50,000 a year to $10,000.

Whether or not the threatened cut will materialize is still anyone's guess. The legislators, delegates John J. Gallagher of Baltimore and Michael E. Foley of Prince Georges County, are conservative Catholics who deeply resent the attention paid to Dan and Philip Berrigan. "It is a national disgrace," the Gallagher-Foley statement said, "that the Church which took 2,000 years to build could well collapse in the next few years, due to the support being given these

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subversive motivators both from within and outside the Catholic Church."

If the conflict were merely within the Catholic Church, Center Stage would probably have no cause to worry. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* drew warm comment from many Catholics, and the opening was attended by two members of the archdiocesan staff of Baltimore's Lawrence Cardinal Shehan. Peter Culman, managing director of Center Stage, is a practicing Catholic.

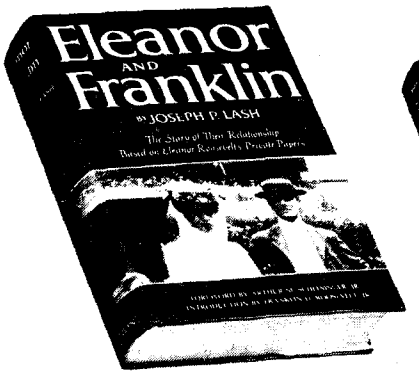
What worries Center Stage's management is that Gallagher and Foley are converts to the media-conspiracy cult. In their view, publishers and broadcasters are ganging up to subvert the best interests of the nation. As the delegates put it: "Those who control public opinion control the nation. But, unfortunately, at present, there are elements within our major publishing companies who are top-heavy with writers whose expertise it is to encourage the revolutionary and drug-cult motivators within our society."

There is no question that a segment of the American people, with some encouragement from Vice President Agnew, believe such comments. But how many people in Baltimore believe it? Center Stage has, over ten years, built a distinguished reputation as a resident theatre. To stay alive it depends on private contributions to supplement ticket sales. The state's $500,000 is a *quid pro quo*, obligating the theatre to perform in high schools throughout Maryland.

A few days before the opening of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, Center Stage became one of only six small American theatres to receive a major grant—$320,000—from the Ford Foundation (another part of the conspiracy, according to Gallagher). The grant, however, is dependent upon Center Stage's raising an additional $128,000 from the people of Baltimore, and the theatre will obviously need all the friends it can get.

The theatre, and especially the performance itself, found plenty of friends among the Baltimore and Washington critics. R. M. Gardner of *The Sun* said the play "should be seen by every responsible citizen." WJZ-TV said, in an editorial on the Gallagher-Foley charges: "The far-reaching question is whether the state can, through financial retaliation, coerce Center Stage into presenting plays that meet the approval of every politician." WMAR-TV whipped up a prime-time debate on the issue.

The most powerful statement, however, came from a surprising source. Stephen Sachs was U.S. Attorney for Maryland during the trial and, as such, the chief prosecutor of the Catonsville



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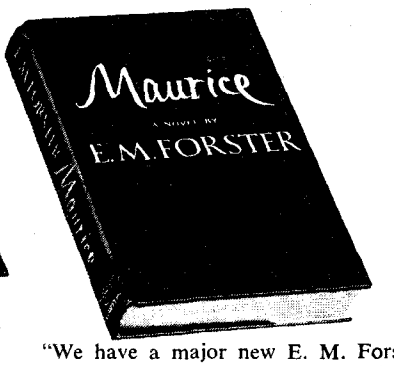

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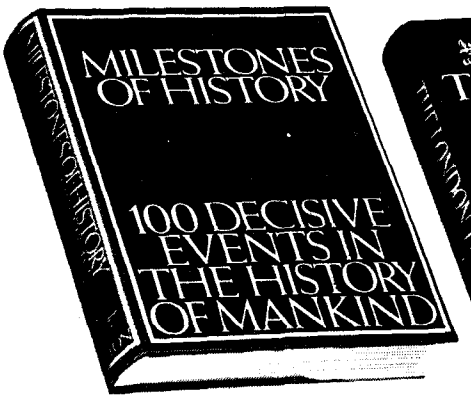

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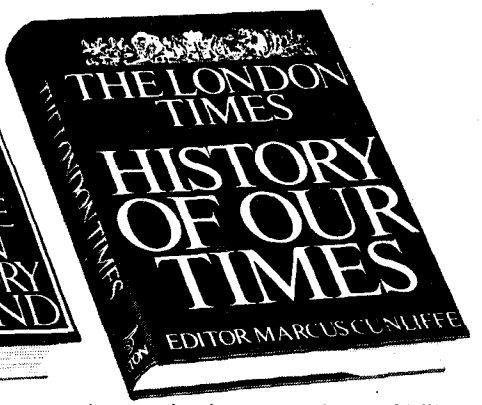

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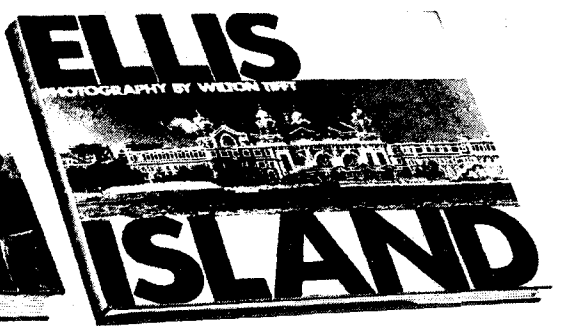

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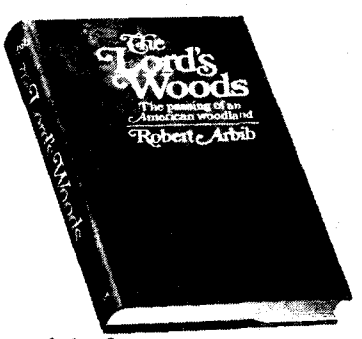

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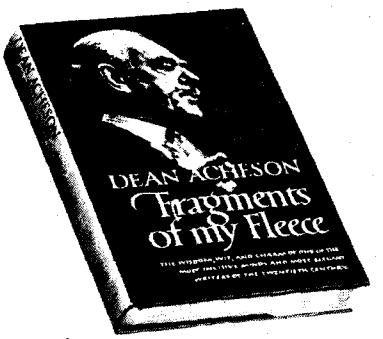

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PEDDLER

The man vending needles at our door
was lucky to greet you.
He looked poor but you acted needle-poor
where I'd have said, I don't need . . .

He sells needles to prick your heart
and they'll take small bites
out of my finger in a layer of skin
where my feelings are thin.

The old thread knitting together his many wools
might last another clomp
to our porch: he came last year but I
refused and barely looked him in the eye.

I've lost how many needles since then?
Besides he is mute
and would see how dumb we are to buy
three hundred needles for relief.

But he supplied us to the end of life.
I'll give away some.
And you might never use these points
that push through cloth, cut to be made one.

Sandra McPherson

EN ROUTE TO YOUR GRAVE

Jonathan Edwards,
that is at Wiggins and Tulane
within Princeton township
I espied
a beautiful barefoot braless girl
(Going the other way, of course)
Who hath laid aside one weight at least,
However slight.

Between me and hell, you know,
There's nothing but air.
Between air and her
There's nothing but a blouse
And that's already flopping.

So forgive me, O secunde nemini mortalium,
If I forget for a second
(Which might be forever) that God
Is glorified in the work of redemption
by the greatness of man's dependence
on him in the whole of it;
If that divine and supernatural light
Is obscured on an August afternoon
By the sun that illuminates
This happy creation.

Farewell.

George Koski

EATING FISH

eating fish and admiring the beautiful white bones
like a belt of bleached bobby pins ingeniously
arranged to hold flesh together
by someone who had nothing better to do
during long mornings at sea

eating fish and tasting the sea-colored
juices and wondering who is swimming
in whom right now am I in the fish
or is the fish in me? and

eating fish and worrying about dying
like Sherwood Anderson with a
beautiful thin bone like
the tiny cry of a dolphin
splitting my throat

Sandra M. Gilbert

TWO VIEWS OF SUNDAY
(1924)

While Mr. Cooper, under his car supine,
Tinkered his Yankee Sunday quite away,
Sicilian neighbors in their gardens sat
Under their pergolas, drinking
In the shadow of the thatchy vines
Their Prohibition wines;
Under their pergolas, thinking
Mr. Cooper there, beyond the deer and fauns
Of alabaster, the Dianas on their lawns,
Had missed the point of the Lord's Day,
Still tinkering with Creation,
While they, in tune with the Divine,
Rested, and made libation,
Lifting the illicit wine.

Ernest Kroll

CASE IN PLOT

Get out of town.
Don't want to see you
after sunset.

Pack your tricks by
dark if you
want to stay cool.

Always the same, some
quick mean dude
digging in,

townsfolks lying down.
Night, the loaded sheriff,
wrapping things up.

David Jeddie Smith

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Nine. He was asked to comment on the play in a WJZ-TV newscast.

Recalling the real trial, Sachs paid tribute to Philip Berrigan's "quiet dignity and strength," and to Dan—"I have respect for him—he is in prison for his beliefs—I can remain free with mine." But he felt there was more drama in the actual trial than in Dan Berrigan's edited, dramatized version, because the play lacked "apostles of the law in its larger sense, believers in the virtue of self-doubt, holders of the conviction that in this democracy no one group, no one sect, no one person should be so certain of his own rectitude as to take the law into his own hands . . . persons who believe . . . that if we abandon the rule of law we have no principled basis on which to deny any man the right to burn what he abhors."

As to the Gallagher-Foley accusations that Center Stage was subsidizing treason, Sachs, the former prosecutor, was contemptuous. "That's absurd. The theatre is a glorious forum for expression of ideas, all ideas, even those which politicians don't like. Center Stage is to be richly complimented for bringing [the play] back to the place where it was born.

"What really frightens me is that the attitude of these public officials in seeking to censor the play reveals an ignorance of what democracy is all about, an attitude which has more in common with the alien crime at Catonsville than it does with the true values of democracy they profess to protect."

Delegates Gallagher and Foley will probably never know what Sachs is talking about. They haven't seen the play and say they never intend to. Their reluctance may at least solve a practical problem. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is sold out to the end of the run. □

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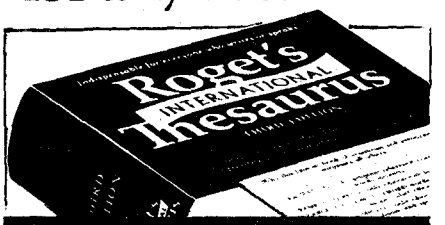

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

To call Harold Pinter's *Old Times* "a great play" in New York at the present time is simply a means of priming the theatrical pump (Billy Rose Theatre). The fact is that for a large number of playgoers it is a difficult play, from which most of them come away bewildered.

Old Times is Pinter's most poetic play. It is an extremely concentrated expression of mood rather than "story." Another writer might have attempted to convey that mood in a lyric or mystic manner. Pinter's mystery is wrought without "mysteriousness." Another writer might have projected the play so that the audience would immediately recognize it as fanciful. Pinter writes as if his mystery were cold fact, a literal and specific report of actual occurrences. In other hands, the play's idea might be transmitted with warmth; Pinter's artistic demeanor is tight, glacial.

What Pinter seems to be saying is that memory merges much of what has happened to us into things which we only imagined or dreamed as having happened. The reality of the past fades and memory transforms real events into shadowy remnants of experience which are no more substantial than reveries. "There are some things one remembers even though they may never have happened," one of the characters says, "but as I recall them so they take place." In other words, what happens in people's minds is as true as what has happened in the objective world, while clouded remembrance of actual events may become dim to the point of nonexistence.

Deeley, the only man in *Old Times*, has married Kate, but after twenty years he meets Kate's friend Anna, whom he recalls as also having been a girl who attracted him at the time he met Kate. Kate and Anna speak of their intimate relationship in the old days—they lived together—and exclude Deeley as they indulge in recollections. Indeed they speak as if the old days were present and Deeley not there at all. The two women fuse in Deeley's mind as if they were part of a single experience: they are two and one.

The female figures then are either two women whom Deeley's desire has made into one never altogether fulfilled desire, *or* they are two different aspects of the same desired woman. Some English critics have maintained that neither one has ever existed, but that Deeley's imagination has conjured them up as part of a deep and forever frustrated sexual yearning. Whatever reading one may ascribe to *Old Times* is less important than the anguish of sexual longing which many feel at the extinction of the past, with all its pleasures, hopes, ambitions and adventures. Hence an experience is both real and unreal, never fully possessed. Reality is remote. There are enormous gaps of darkness in our consciousness; with the passing of the years what we live through is buried in obscurity. Only the mirage of life is constant.

That at least is Pinter's feeling. But he does not *say* it. He will not be forthright, assertive, ratiocinative. All such attitudes might bespeak a theory, an ideology. Though there is longing and a quiet weeping in *Old Times*, there is no outcry; there is even humor. It is a frozen dream of life, conveyed as lucid and transparent. Life, finally, is puzzling and frightening, a wonder and a "slight ache." Pinter's "face" is fixed to avoid any indication of perturbation or plaint.

His craftsmanship is masterly. The expected visitor, Anna, is already present in shadow from the first. In the midst of what seems a casual conversation the characters veer without transition to a conversation out of the past so that past and present are undifferentiated. The old-time songs the characters remember are carefully chosen to set the play's atmosphere: "When a lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes" or "Oh, how the ghost of you clings." Deeley speaks of taking his wife's face in his hands and "it just floats away." He is struck by words no longer in common use like "lest" and "gaze." Speaking of where he sat in a movie house Deeley says in typically Pinteresque fashion—ambiguously pointed—"I was off center and have remained so."

Every stage device—the indicated silences, the turning on and off of lamps,

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GYMNOS

It is as if the air were shaped,
Smooth stone, of a shell, with every step
Ahead, into the intense, subdued, high
Practice room—union of the perfect selves;

And suddenly faced
From dark head to your white toes
Like a meteor, or seed exposed—
But wholly your standing naked there;

As though a grain slowly separating
But still attached as a living thing is,
As feet gripping the floor
Of the bare, wrestling space;

So that after we behold
what we also grasp for,
That we enter
with violent yet soft delight
Its arms about us—

Then it has power of its own
To recede, and be unknown again;
And we to let it thus return,
Into the keeping of its single soul;

Only to come back again

William Burford

the arbitrary dimming and brightening of the illumination—all sum up to an eerie sense of past and present as a unity of time which makes for timelessness, a flow which is also static, "forever."

Hardly a word is wasted. The compact writing is integral with the "message." It is local (London) English directed toward universals. "My work concerns itself with life all over . . . in every part of the globe," Pinter has Deeley say. "I use the word globe because world possesses emotional sociological and psychological pretensions and resonances which I prefer as a matter of choice to do without . . . to steer clear of . . . to reject." Later in the same vein with the same intent, Deeley says, "I have my eye on a number of pulses, pulses all over the globe, deprivations and insults."

In reviewing the play from London (*The Nation*, June 28) I suggested that Pinter's "inscape"—particularly in this play, which is one of his best—is somewhat alien to me but that I nevertheless admire it as a consummate expression of Pinter's view of life, an emotional tendency that is taking hold in today's overcrowded, claustrophobic civilization in which we gasp for the air of contemplation and inner privacy. Because of the double vision inherent in *Old Times*, coupled with the duality of my reaction to it—high esteem and involuntary refusal—I advise that it be seen twice to be properly appreciated.

The New York cast—Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, Mary Ure, finely directed here as in London by Peter Hall—finds itself in John Bury's original settings which capture ideally the tone of the play. The acting here is softer and seemingly more "natural" than in London. The effect produced is therefore perhaps more conducive to acceptance by an American audience. The London cast is more unyieldingly hard, of a more restrained heat, and thus more congruous on the whole with Pinter's style.

If you like Neil Simon's *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* you should like George Furth's *Twigs* (Broadhurst Theatre). Both provoke laughs, both are skin-deep, both are well produced and *Twigs* is particularly well acted—sensationally so by Sada Thompson.

It is a sequence of four sketches, skillfully contrived to the semblance of a unified play by having them take place on a single day in various kitchens presided over by three sisters who, with the mother of them all, are the evening's major characters. All three girls, as ma says, are "pains in the ass."

She is right. You will probably notice that in both the Simon and the Furth plays most of the people are unintelligent, which makes them something less than interesting characters and the plays which contain them something less than true comedies.

The convocation of relatives in the Simon play is an exception to my reservations, and in *Twigs* the scene devoted to "Celia" is superior to the others. Celia is a good-natured woman of undeveloped mind, rendered maddeningly talkative and inwardly mute because her natural desire to express herself as a person is suppressed by a husband and friends who are coarse numskulls, typical of too many of our fellow citizens. Here the comedy approaches pathos, though Michael Bennett's rather farcical direction, adept as such, prevents it from achieving that quality. He must have feared it would spoil the fun.

"Emily," the first of the "twigs," is a young widow overenergized by lack of a husband. She is redeemed from her isolated state by meeting the boss of a furniture transport company that has moved the lady's effects into a new chromium bedizened apartment. (The sets are cleverly designed by Peter Larkin to accommodate all four scenes.) "Emily" is an agreeable trifle. "Dorothy," the third "twig," reveals the lady in a cute skit about a happily married couple. The final scene in which we see the "tree" which grew the "twigs"—ma herself—gratifies the audience because it de-

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picts the aged lady as a crusty Irish relic ever ready with tough talk and racy insult, unregenerate in her scorn of convention and sham sentiment. I have just said that "Dorothy" is *cute*, and that is the word for the show as a whole.

The entire cast acts well. Sada Thompson who plays the four women with shrewd and handsome versatility will surely be remembered when prize time comes at the end of the season. She proves herself an expert comedienne whom it is a pleasure to watch. One further observation: her performance is a bit too pointed, not a flow or flowering from an inner essence as exemplified in the acting of Laurette Taylor. But that is in part the method of the play itself and more especially of Bennett's slightly cartoonish direction, which is technically all it should be, given the key he chose to set for the play's interpretation.

The week's productions brought to mind a statistically unverified statement I made some years ago that there are more highly talented actresses than actors on our stage. As Sada Thompson shines in *Twigs*, so Estelle Parsons animates Athol Fugard's most recent play, *People Are Living There* at the Forum of Lincoln Center's Repertory Theatre.

No Fugard play is altogether negligible, and this one is certainly not without merit. But it suffers a fatal flaw. It attempts to convey something of the humanism within the "nausea" of Sartre's early work in terms of "photographic" realism. Its picture of four miserable creatures in a drab and decrepit old house in a poor quarter of Johannesburg—the owner, now a slattern past her prime, a bitter young layabout whose chief pleasure is to prove the nullity of all effort in a senseless universe, a pretty but thoroughly distraught girl and her goofy postman husband—is marked by a searing verisimilitude which is at times grotesquely laughable. There are passages of good but insufficiently eloquent writing and others too consciously "literary." The imbalance in the writing is the product of a clash between the play's idea—the dismaying absurdity of life—and the by now equally familiar naturalistic drawing of still another 'lower depths." Throughout, one is aware of Fugard's genuine compassion for the most injured and most frequently forgotten bulk of humanity; yet the final effect is trite. We are not sufficiently compensated in art or in wisdom for the torment we are required to witness and must to some extent share.

Only the acting triumphs over the play's fundamental disability. Besides Estelle Parsons, whose virtuosity is composed of formidable sweep and emotional energy, there are Leonard Frey as the play's pimply pessimist, repellent and funny; Diana Davila, oddly disturbing and sad as the rattled wife of the helplessly fumbling postman, well played by Peter Rogan. John Berry has directed the company with intelligence and devotion. As production, *People Are Living There* is one of the better offerings of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Realism has been the subject of less research, appreciation and promotion than has Abstract art. Partly there is the assumption that it is a grass-roots taste and, hence, beyond the scope of serious discussion. Partly it is because early in the century realistic styles were rejected by the first generation of Abstract artists, who considered that they had transcended the ordering of visual data. Succeeding generations of Abstract artists have not added any thoughtful modification of the initial rejection. And in the 1960s, Abstract painting was the subject of such elaborate formal analysis that concern with the syntax of art has almost wiped out iconography and representation.

In attempts to remedy the general neglect there have been two efforts to incorporate realism, so to say, to take it out of the hands of individuals and make a movement. The first was an attempt to organize an expressionistic figure style in the 1950s; the second, now in progress, is the push toward a style of photograph-derived realism which peaked last year. The first movement folded, leaving this style of painting in the hands of the artists who worked that way anyhow, and of the second, who knows? Probably more significant than movement-formation is the large discussion group called the Alliance of Figurative Artists, which meets Fridays at 9 P.M. at the Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway in New York. I plan to write about the intense meetings of this group later, but for the moment the point is to record that the first speaker of this, the third season, was Alex Katz. Katz was earlier associated with a group of intimate realists within or parallel to Abstract Expressionism, among them Jane Freilicher, Wolf Kahn, Robert de Nero and Fairfield Porter. This group of painters was tolerable to the Abstract Expressionists, partly because of social ties, partly because they painted those aspects of the world compatible with conspicuous paint. Since a lot of the Abstract artists were actually covert landscapists, there were grounds for coexistence.

A retrospective of Alex Katz, organized by the University of Utah, is now at the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford (until January 2). According to the earlier paintings in the show, 1958-62, Katz was highly aware of Manet, whom he took as a model of restrained painterliness, with ripe but few colors, the touch of the hand contained by laconic formats. The change to his mature style seems to come in 1963, in which year he painted "The Walk," a crisp, frontal full-length figure, and "The Smile," 6 feet high and 9 long. On one side is a huge head and the other side is empty, except for color that is, a long firm stretch of red.

Jane Freilicher said to Katz in 1964: "You have this almost 'folk art' look crossed with a very knowledgeable frontal, almost Egyptian, style. It's like a blend of Herriman and Giotto" (Herri-

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man drew Krazy Kat). This dialogue (missing, by the way, from the bibliography of the extraordinarily nonchalant catalogue) was taped and it is not quite clear what she meant by Egyptian. It makes the point nicely however that Katz is much taken with the use of schematic elements within his sophisticated realism. For example, the figure composition "Ives Field, 1," done in the year of Freilicher's observation, combines a pale suffused light with stiffly disparate figures (somewhat like Balthus' "The Mountain," 1936).

The kind of Egyptian art that I think of in connection with Katz is the Hellenistic portraiture attached to mummy cases. Those heads have a candor of form that makes it impossible to tell if human likeness is in process of stylization or if a stylization is softening, Pygmalion-like, to life. Common to these works and to Katz's is a kind of form that looks flexible and capable of movement, but depicted at relaxed and stable moments. Also rather like late Hellenistic painting is the fact that the forms, all of them natural and congruent, tend to be seen one at a time, eyes complete, lips complete, hair complete. These precise delineations make for a supple style of painting which is both visually plausible and technically ready-made (and thus in opposition to any drama of the act of creation).

Katz is an economical painter, using just enough forms to be absolutely clear, avoiding repetition or variation. To this end he keeps his forms in large planes that run parallel to the picture plane; a moderate space is the result of the overlapping of flattened volumes. Composition is the placing of a few large ordered units, often abruptly animated by cropping. In one of the best paintings in the exhibition, "Impala," 1968, a woman's profile, delicately shadowed, is seen against a crinkled mesa and blue-white sky, with, between these near and far zones, the bright red upholstery and interior paint of the car of the title intervening.

Katz's cast of characters is either above or under life-size. In the paintings heads are frequently enormous and in the cut-outs, off the wall, out in the gallery, they are smaller than life. These "shaped canvases" have a potential for *trompe l'oeil* which is chopped down by their scale and their flatness. Katz has developed a way of defining sitters by complexion and gesture; the whole color of the skin and the stance of the body characterize people caught in a wide range of routine movements. Heads on large canvases, 6 feet by 8, obviously connote billboards or big screens, an analogy supported both by the blandness of Katz's paint and the legibility of his images. Details, such as the eyes, are stylized, but not in the way of an artist who is not keeping a close watch on his subject. Linda Nochlin put this well when she described him as working "on the tense borderline between the generalizing conventions of ready-made imagery and the concrete subtlety of immediate perception."

Incidentally Linda Nochlin wrote the catalogue of the Philip Pearlstein exhibition originated by the Georgia Museum of Art last year, another realist exhibition which did not quite reach New York City, though it got as close as the Vassar College Art Gallery. The Pearlstein catalogue is conventional in form, which means that if you look something up you can be pretty sure it will be there. The Katz catalogue is not like that: it is welcome as a first collection of reproductions and texts, but not very much to the point. Of the new essays, one is a piece of "creative writing," verbally evoking Katz's space; another links him with the tradition of American art, without mentioning Winslow Homer; and one is an attack on recent Abstract art.

That is a valid subject, but the real point of the attack should be the followers of Willem de Kooning, many of them Katz's friends in the late 1950s. De Kooning dominated New York as Rubens dominated Antwerp in the early 17th century and Manet, in a way, seems to have been Katz's solution for coping with the messy painterliness that stemmed from de Kooning by turning it into clean painterliness, a strategy that has sustained a brilliant development. □

POEM

In my hands I hold an ancient drinking
vessel,
still
its detailed pattern:
I am digging
with my pick

no broken clay
fragments
no
puzzle
(I run my tongue
over it) As though the earth
had conceived it
in the dark
can I never be sure
when
these contours

began

Doris Radin

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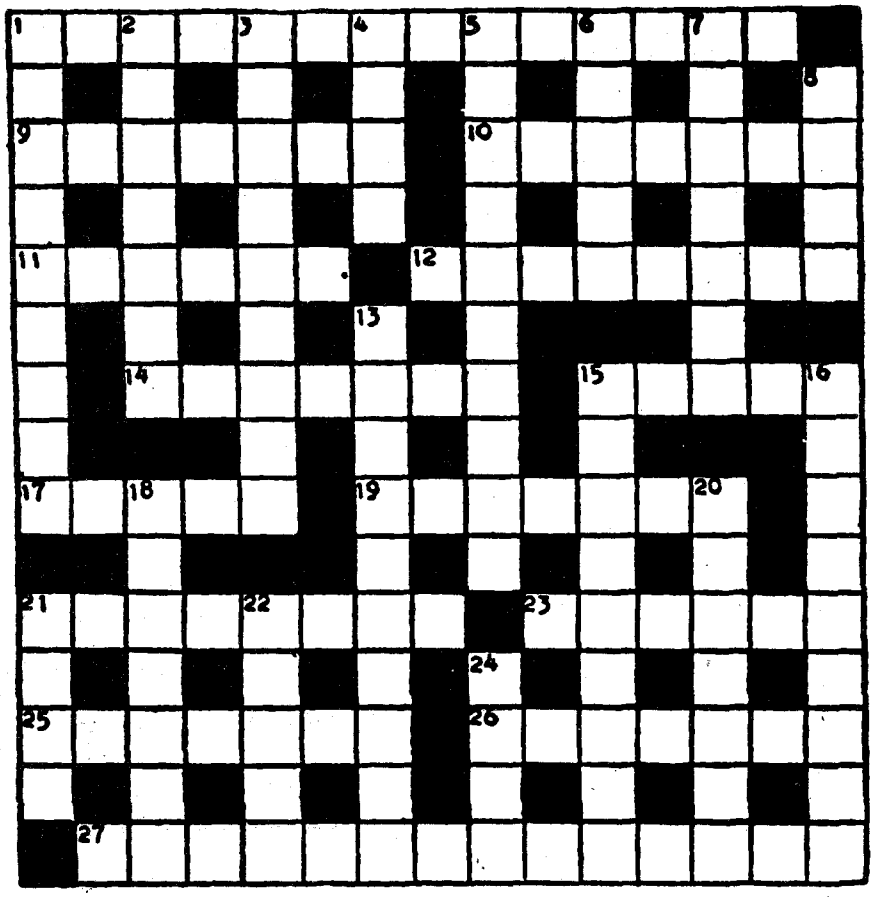
Crossword Puzzle No. 1419

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Back end, perhaps, or possibly center one of 11. (8,6)
9 To the shipmaster, *Ile de France* has something very clean. (7)
10 The French symbol of penitence might hold things in check. (7)
11 Cold, but might suggest something hot. (6)
12 Rather uncompromising types like the Red Baron have somewhat distorted expressions. (8)
14 Old, old woman, reminding us of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." (7)
15 For stomach pains, prescribe an oil mixture in small measure. (5)
17 Put forth to begin a scene. (5)
19 The foreign gentleman seems to write his name on metal. (7)
21 Entering life without bondage. (8)
23 See 13 down
25 Fog, as a matter of course. (3,4)
26 Its other name suggests a crocodilian couple. (7)
27 *Romeo and Juliet* implies this needs no ceremony. (4,10)

DOWN

1 Might follow 25 across, if he sacks the contents. (4,5)
2 Possibly P-K4. (7)
3 It might be distinguished as a printing type. (9)
4 Honestly, doesn't speak, but stays put! (4)
5 The era of 1620 was much too late for Chaucer to write about, and too early for Bunyan. (10)
6 A rousing ringer! (5)
7 Pertaining to right and wrong. (7)
8 Is she a close relative of Bebe? (4)
13 and 23 across Does it imply it's hard work to get an interview with such as Marilyn Monroe? (Kansans should know!) (2,5,3,6,)
15 What you're doing shouldn't necessarily have the sound of asperity. (9)
16 In a state of non-restraint, get ready to fire the band! (4-1-4)
18 One pair for the theater, possibly. (4-3)
20 Possibly 4, but might be good for the seers. (7)
21 One of these might be just dandy! (4)
22 and 24 The business of selling on commission might make one impoverished with a passing fancy. (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1418

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Behind the eight ball; 6 Oasis; 9 Audit; 11 Geologist; 12, 23, 24 and 27 Off on a wild goose chase; 13 Noted; 15 Heartache; 18 Optimists; 19 Exams; 22 Cremating; 25 Harangues; 26 Imago; 28 Tape drive. DOWN: 1 Bragg; 2 Hydrostat; 3 Nitro; 4 and 20 The Rights of Man; 5 Ergot; 6 and 22 down Out for the count; 7 Staff; 8 Splinters; 13 Neo-Gothic; 14 Dominance; 16 Answers up; 17 Charivari; 21 Maria.

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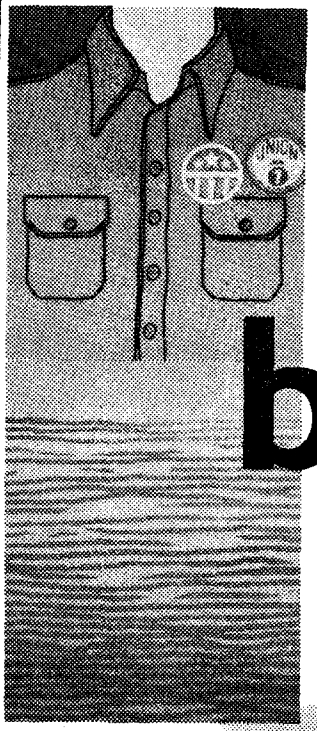
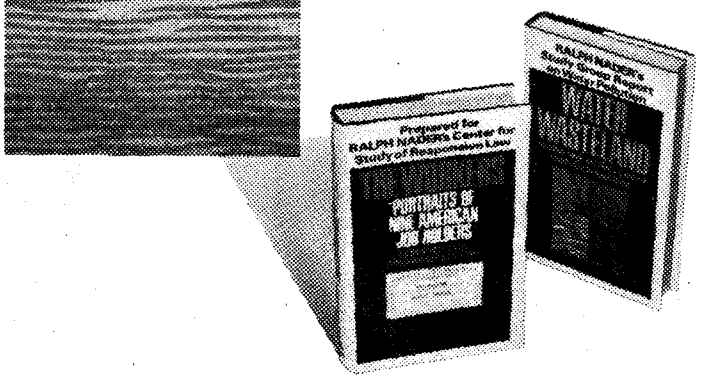


Blue collars and brown waters



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